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SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1956.

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COMMENT OF
THE DAY

Standing Again

PRESIDENT Eisenhower is prepared to stand again for re-election. He is modestly and, as far as his party was concerned, most unnecessarily, he added in his radio-TV announcement: "If my party wants me to."

So highly respected and well-liked is Mr. Eisenhower, that his decision will be received with pleasure by many outside the circles of the GOP, indeed, beyond the shores of North America where his admirers need no lapel buttons to tell the world that they too like him.

The President's decision does not really come as a surprise even though there were serious doubts about his health once or twice last year. Recently the pundits have been unanimous in their view that he would run again, though Mr. Eisenhower himself was just enough doubtful in the public mind to make speculation a fascinating occupation.

Now years of a change in American foreign policy before the elections may be safely anticipated. For even though the President will probably play a far less active role in Government, the major decisions will be made by him. Observers are quick to note that Mr. John Foster Dulles' forthcoming visit to the Far East assumes the political importance that it might otherwise have lacked had Mr. Eisenhower chosen not to stand again.

NOTICE welcome result of his decision is that the American public now have confidence that when it comes to voting time their choice will not be between Democratic substance and a Republican shadow. The contest will be between two worthy opponents with the scales almost evenly balanced. Sensibly Mr. Eisenhower plans to avoid "barn storming" and "whistle stop" electioneering. In view of the strain to which he would undoubtedly be subjected in the normal course of events he has chosen to stand down from the public hustings, and this seems a most sensible decision. Most Americans will still have ample opportunity to see the contestants. Television will make sure of that. But the best news for America and the world is not that President Eisenhower is standing again, but that he has recovered to such an extent that he is able to return to a nearly normal active political life.

MURRAY BARRACKS DEAL

EXPECTED SOON

Estimated Cost Of
Purchase—\$28 Mill

By A STAFF CORRESPONDENT

The Hongkong Government is expected to announce the purchase of Murray Barracks in the very near future. The purchase price is estimated at about \$28 million.

Negotiations for the area, according to a well informed source close to military circles, have entered their final phase.

The same source told me this morning that plans for alternative accommodation have already been completed. A new barracks is to be erected further east in Victoria Barracks.

Attempts to purchase the military lands, or part of them, date back many years. Most of these attempts were frustrated by the then dictatorial attitude of the War Office which ignored the junior Colonial Office. Postwar negotiations for these valuable sites were not much better.

Famous Ex-Bodyguard
Found Dead In Hotel

Nicosia, Mar. 2.

Major Phil Attfield, former Scotland Yard bodyguard to the Duke of Windsor and Sir Anthony Eden, has been found shot dead in a Nicosia flat, police revealed today.

They said foul play was not suspected. His body, with a bullet wound in the head, was found last night and is now awaiting a post mortem examination at Nicosia hospital.

Miss Lucy To
Fight On

New York, Mar. 2.

Miss Autherine Lucy, serious and light-lipped, told a press conference here today that she would continue her legal struggle to be the first negro student admitted to the all-white university of Alabama.

Miss Lucy said she would not accept the university's expulsion order yesterday. She came to New York after hearing of the order, "for a little rest and quiet."

"I am completely disheartened," the 26-year-old girl told reporters today.

"But at the same time I cannot see any reason to abandon my sole purpose of obtaining an education within the meaning of the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States."

Miss Lucy was referring to the Supreme Court ruling against segregation of whites and negroes in schools and universities.—Reuter.

SLIMMING HINT

London, Mar. 2.

Never eat more than two slices of bread a day if you want to be slim, according to a nutrition expert writing in the British Medical Association magazine, Family Doctor.

The expert, writing under the name of Dr. John Clyde, says that the thinner must cut down on starches and sugar and must be firm about the intake of bread, cakes, biscuits, rice and other cereals, sugar and sweets. Alcohol must also be cut, and a pint of beer being equivalent in fattening power to two slices of bread.

But there is no need to go hungry, he emphasises. People wanting to slim can eat as much as they like of meat, fish, cheese, vegetables, fruit, butter and margarine, he says.—China Mail Special.

Each time a satisfactory "understanding" had been reached between the Hongkong Government and the GOC the latter was due for reposting.

And so it went on. The showdown came recently in Whitehall—the colonies had suddenly grown out of their short pants. They became men and the Colonial Office a man amongst men.

In other words the Colonial Office was no longer to be pushed around or sidetracked by its powerful brother department. It is understood that the Peak Tramway company has been told to proceed with plans to erect a station much lower down Garden Road.

TUNNEL SCHEME? Does this tie up with anything? If so, with what? The cross-harbour tunnel scheme?

Let us see what the Financial Secretary said on this subject in his Budget speech the other day.

"The estimate for the Sir Ferry pier," he said, "has gone up from the original \$7 million to over \$11 million, a heavy expenditure which brings no additional revenue to Government. New vehicular ferries would, from the financial point of view, be an unprofitable investment, and this point among others, including the possibility of more bad estimating, caused Government to hesitate about embarking on the scheme for a new vehicular ferry before going fully into the merits of a tunnel."

The above statement clearly indicates that the tunnel idea (which involves the purchase of Murray Barracks) has at least priority of thought in Lower Albert Road.

As negotiations have gone so far it was not unexpected to receive a bland "I'm afraid I don't know anything about it" from a Government spokesman.

MACABRE TRADE

Buenos Aires, Mar. 2.

A Government Investigating Committee named a former mayor of Salta, Argentina, as head of a gang which made a thriving business from a trade in corpses taken from local cemeteries.

According to the committee's report, the gang sold bodies to medical students and skeletons to criminals who carved knick-knacks out of them.—China Mail Special.

China Mail
Feature
Highlights

Here are some of the feature highlights in today's China Mail:

P. 8: Who bombed Dieppe? by Milton Shulman.

P. 6: George Whiting interviews Jim Peters who talks about the most thrilling day of his life; Trials for treason, by Nigel Gee.

P. 7: What I'd tell my child about Money, Marriage and Morals, George Gale begins a candid report by four worldly people; Is exercise good or bad for you?

P. 8: The world's largest diamond is also one of the world's strangest stories.

P. 13: Les Armour writes on Sidney Silverman, the man who led a crusade to abolish capital punishment.

P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports reviews.

NOW THE
SQUEEZE
IS ON
THE BANKS

London, Mar. 2.

The British Treasury tonight gave another twist to the "credit squeeze" which is designed to wring the inflation out of the British economy. It announced an issue of £300 million sterling of exchequer stock, carrying 5 per cent interest and maturing on June 15 next year.

This operation is aimed at the banks, to reduce their holdings of Treasury Bills and other liquid assets of which they have too many. If they buy the new issue by selling some of their Treasury Bills, the effect is automatic. Otherwise, if the Treasury gets its £300 million, it can pay off some Treasury Bills or anyway refrain from issuing some more.

FOR OWN SAKES

For their own sake as well as for the sake of national policy, the banks would not at present use their surplus liquid assets to enlarge their advances to their customers. At the government's request they are cutting their advances as fast as they reasonably can.

But government requests are not a good way of running a banking business. While the surplus of liquid assets exists it is always capable of being used. So it is better to get the surplus out of the way, and this is being done.—Reuter.

Marshall To Meet
Tengku Rahman

Singapore, Mar. 2.

The Chief Minister of Singapore, Mr. David Marshall, will fly to Kuala Lumpur tomorrow for discussions with the Federal Government's Chief Minister, Tengku Abdul Rahman on future relations between the Colony and the Federation.—Reuter.

MOUNTBATTEN CANCELS
PAKISTAN VISIT

London, Mar. 2.

Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, Britain's First Sea Lord, has cancelled his projected tour of Pakistan for the present, an Admiralty communiqué announced here today.

The communiqué added that it was hoped a visit might be arranged at a later date.

The text of the communiqué stated:

"The Admiralty announced tonight that, as the Chairman of the Chiefs-of-Staff will be in Karachi for the meeting of the South-East Asia Treaty Organisation Council, and will be available for discussions with the Pakistani authorities, and as the Pakistan Naval Commander-in-Chief has just concluded discussions with the First Sea Lord in London, the First Sea Lord will not now be visiting Pakistan on this occasion."

Nehru & Lloyd Have
Controversial
Subjects To Discuss

New Delhi, Mar. 2.

Mr Selwyn Lloyd, the British Foreign Secretary, is expected to discuss a wide range of subjects when he arrives here tomorrow on a two-day visit for talks with Mr Jawaharlal Nehru, Prime Minister of India.

The visit comes at a time when Britain and India have differing approaches to some important problems.

According to official sources, some of the main topics likely to come up are the Middle East situation, with particular reference to the Baghdad defence pact, which is frowned on by India; Indo-China, and the problems of implementing the Geneva agreement; India's request for United Nations trusteeship in Antarctica; disarmament and the possible banning of nuclear weapons tests; the forthcoming Commonwealth Prime Ministers' conference; and the recent Soviet Communist Party Congress.

The Baghdad pact is seen as the main point of difference between the two countries. India regards it as having brought instability to the Middle East, and to have created the opportunity for active Soviet intervention in that area.

INDIA'S FEAR

In particular India does not like Pakistan membership of the pact, for there is the fear that Pakistan might use an increased military potential as a bargaining factor against India if not for military adventures in Kashmir.

It is understood that India's call for United Nations trusteeship in Antarctica took Britain by surprise.

Mr Nehru is expected to explain the view that conflicting claims to Antarctic territory, which might arise from expeditions during the International Geophysical Year could lead to a new tension. Two Commonwealth countries, Britain and Australia, are directly affected, as they have claims in Antarctic territory.

On Indo-China, Mr Nehru and Mr Lloyd are expected to discuss China's proposal for convening the Geneva conference, and India's suggestion that the co-chairmen, Mr Lloyd and Mr Vyacheslav Molotov, Soviet Foreign Minister, meet to try and thrash out some measure of accord on implementing the Geneva agreement.—Reuter.

Street
Battles In
Nice

Nice, Mar. 2.

Several hundred leftwing demonstrators clashed violently with strong forces of police in the centre of Nice tonight after trying to stop a meeting of the Poujadist Party.

Disorders broke out after Socialist and Communist supporters had tried to stage a counter-demonstration outside a public hall where a Poujadist deputy, M. Jean Darnas, was due to make a speech.

Scuffles, which turned into a running battle in side streets, started as Poujadists began to stream into the building.

POLICE STONED

Strong forces of steel-helmeted police in Nice immediately to disperse the demonstrators, who fought back by hurling paving stones born up from the street. A number of demonstrators were detained after black-rimmed police, wielding truncheons and rifle butts, charged a group of 300 shouting anti-Poujadist slogans. First reports said several persons were slightly injured.—Reuter.

Floods Death Toll

Santos, Brazil, Mar. 2.

At least 30 persons were known dead, 30 others injured, and 50 were missing today as a result of floods and landslides caused by a cloudburst.—United Press.

Children Thrown
Into River

Rome, Mar. 2.

An Italian labourer, Roberto Marini, 39, hurled his three children into the icy waters of the Breno River, then jumped in himself, police reported. All four bodies have been found. The children, two girls and a boy, were aged 5, 6 and two.—China Mail Special.

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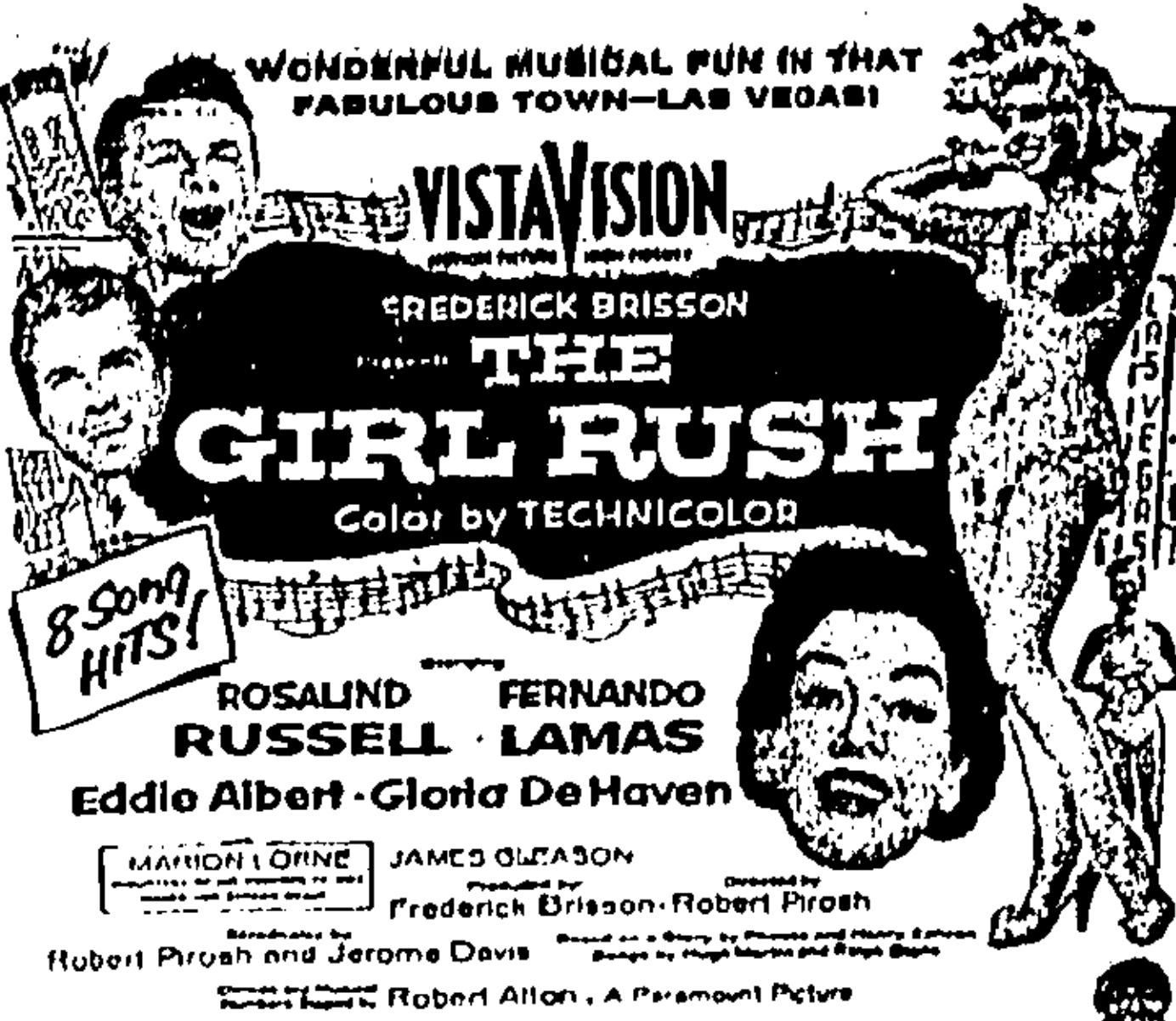
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SHOWING TO-DAY



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ON THE STAGE IN PERSON

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KING'S

PRINCESS

At 11.30 a.m.

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A VARIETY PROGRAMME OF 20TH CENTURY FOX
A VARIETY PROGRAMME OF WALT DISNEY'S
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

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PRINCESS

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TOMORROW at 12.10 p.m.

An Indian Film of Superb Quality presented by

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"LOOTERA"

Starring: Naeir Khan, Jaboon, Begum Para, Naeir Hussain

and Mridula

Direction: Ravindra — Music: C. Ramchandra

Regular Admission Prices

HOOVER : LIBERTY

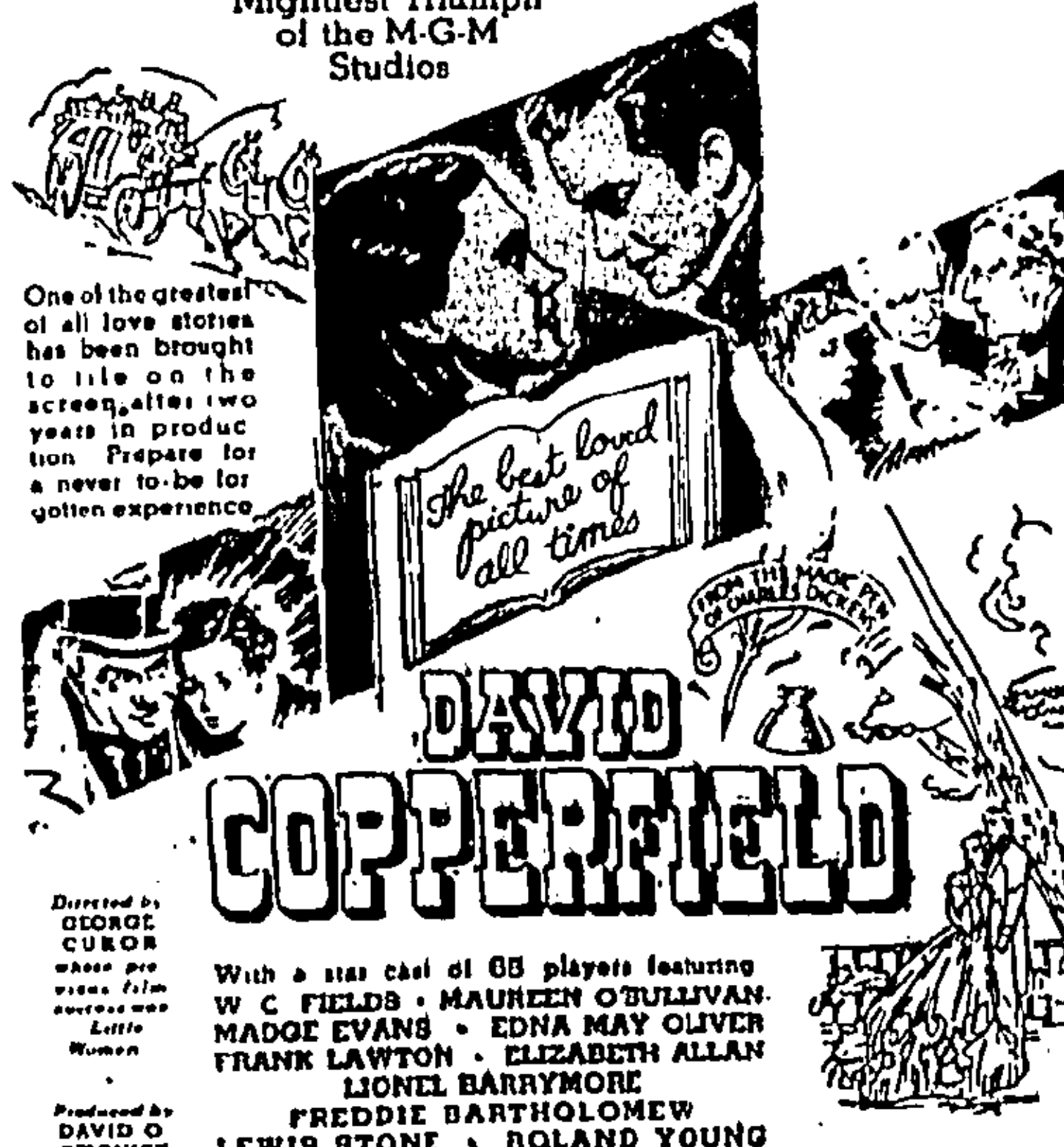
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SUNDAY MORNING MATINEE: REDUCED ADMISSION

Hoover at 12.00

Liberty at 12.30

"LILI"

"DRAGON SEED"

Leslie Caron

Katharine Hepburn

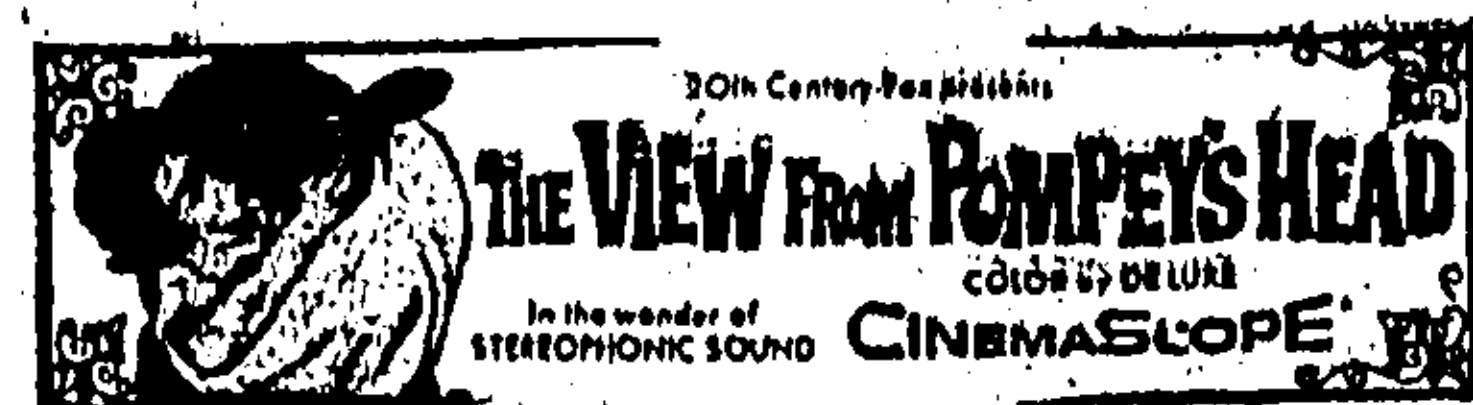
Mel Ferrer

Walter Huston

ORIENTAL AIR-CONDITIONED

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4-TRACK, HIGH FIDELITY, STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND!



SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW at 12.30 Gary Cooper in "BLOWING WILD" Warner Bros. film

FILMS

Current & Coming
BY JANE ROBERTSThe New Films At A Glance
SHOWING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "David Copperfield". A re-issue of the picture based on Dickens' novel, with an all-star cast, including Freddie Bartholomew in the title role.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Girl Rush". Rosalind Russell breezes through this musical, working hard and dragging Fernando Lamas and Eddie Albert with her. Gloria De Haven co-stars.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Bengazi". Adventure in the desert. Richard Conte, Victor McLaglen, Richard Carlson and Mala Powers.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Cockleshell Heroes". An Anglo-American strike against the enemy during the 1939-1940 war. Trevor Howard and Jose Ferrer.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Deep Blue Sea". A judge's wife leaves him for a test pilot, to find that there are still squalls ahead. Vivien Leigh, Kenneth More, Emyln Williams and Eric Portman.

COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Quentin Durward". A return performance of this historical swashbuckler. Robert Taylor, Key Kendall and Robert Morley.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Kidnappers". The son of the famous lady gets himself involved in Napoleon's plans for capturing Spain. A French picture starring Jean Claude Fancal.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The Kidnappers". A return engagement of the famous backwoodsman and his son, Burt Lancaster, Daphne Fyfe, Diana Lynn and Donald McDonald.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Simon and Laura". A sophisticated British comedy that pokes fun at television. Peter Finch, Kay Kendall, Maurice Denham and Muriel Pavlow.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Plenic". A small town with all a small town's undercurrents. William Holden, Kim Novak, Rosalind Russell and Betty Field.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Lieutenant Wore Skirts". Wife goes back into the Army and husband has a hard time trying to be near her. Sheree North and Tom Ewell.

Desert Gold Hunt

After the desert fighting was over, Rommel dead and Field Marshal Montgomery back in Europe, there were rumours of gold hidden in a mosque by the desert people.

At least, that's what the plot of "Bengazi" would have us believe and it's a feasible story.

How much more or less probable would be the success of such adventures as Richard Conte, Victor McLaglen and Richard Erdman in finding it is a different matter.

None of them trust each other and there is a further complication in the inevitable appearance on the scene of a girl. Mala Powers fills this role and she is supposed to be the Irish daughter of McLaglen who has come out to see him after many years of absence in the "cold country".

Richard Carlson is the hero.

Rattigan Again

Anatole Litvak has produced and directed a most moving film version of Terence Rattigan's play, "The Deep Blue Sea". It may depress you, but you will certainly not be bored by it.

It opens with the attempted suicide of Vivien Leigh in a service flat in London. A bookmaker, whose past has included, among many things, training as a doctor, is called to bring her round and as a rather shabby woman is hauled back to life, we are shown the events that have



A scene from "The Deep Blue Sea", starring Vivien Leigh, Kenneth More and Emyln Williams.

led up to her present confused state of mind.

She is living in the flat as the wife of an out-of-work test pilot, but in reality she is married to a successful judge who still loves her.

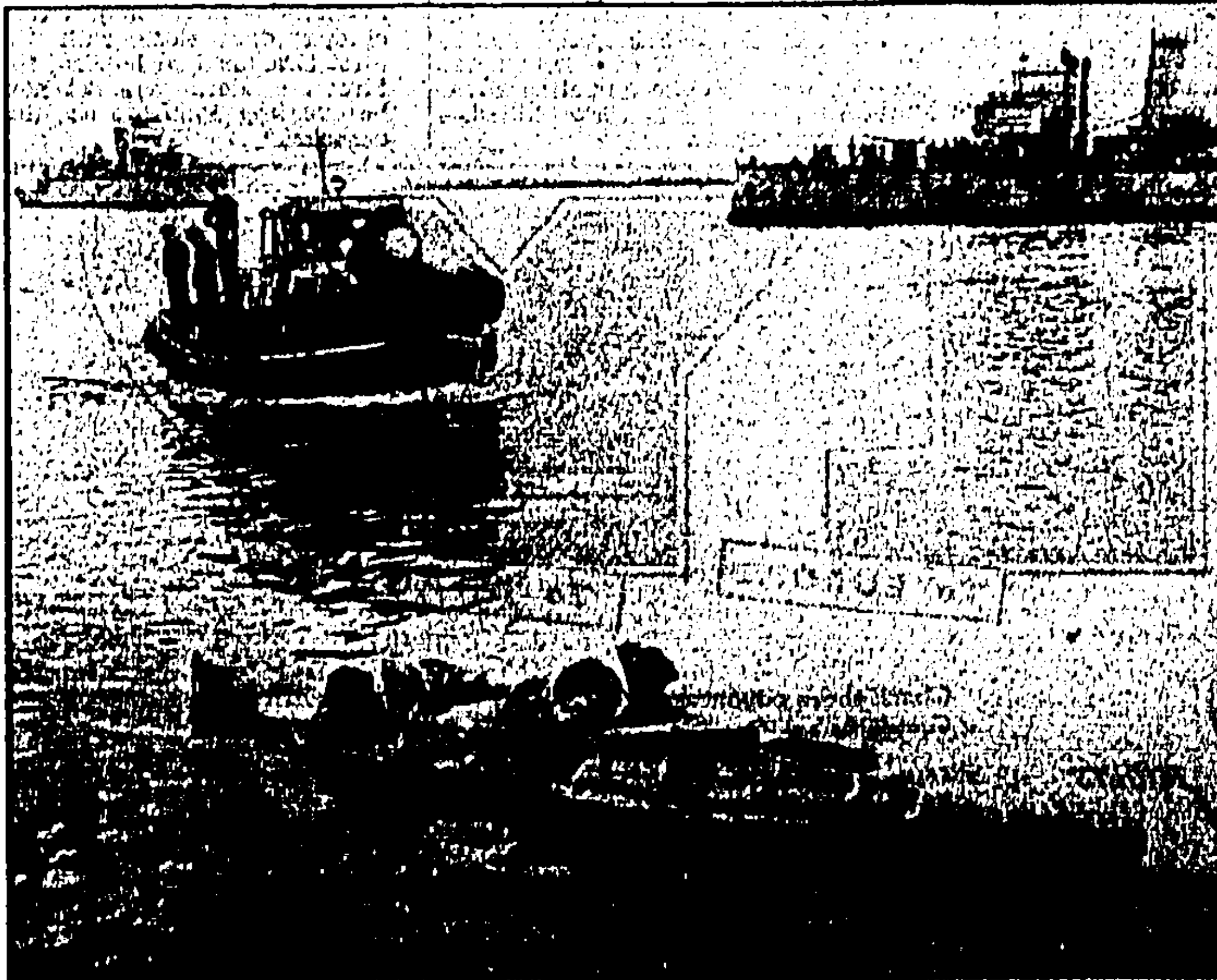
The drama, however, lies not in the irregularity of her association with the flier, but in his frustrating inability to be the man she has imagined him to be.

As the wife of the judge she has been cool, poised, self-assured, fitting into her comfortable surroundings as neatly as if she were perfectly content. The contrast is all the more marked, when after a short campaign by the breezy, slinky ex-RAF pilot, she capitulates completely, leaves her husband for him, and turns into a neurotic, infatuated woman constantly demanding fresh

Meaty Parts

The meaty parts go to Kenneth More, as the pilot, to Eric Portman as the cynical bookmaker and to Vivien Leigh herself. As her husband, Emyln Williams doesn't have to do much more than look intelligent, almost impossibly gently and straight from Savile Row; but this he does competently.

Kenneth More and Eric Portman tie for the male acting



The end of the journey for two of "The Cockleshell Heroes".

Holmes and I cannot decide who is the better. The former has one very strong scene in which he explains distractedly to a friend that he is completely astounded to have come back from a golfing week-end to discover that his mistress has tried to commit suicide in his absence.

He puts over extremely well the attitude of an exuberant extrovert when confronted by the tortuous gyrations of an introvert's mind. His love for his mistress is as sincere as his nature will allow and he has not the mental capacity to understand the depth of her despair when she realises that happiness lies no more with him than it did with her pompous husband.

Good Colour

Eric Portman too plays a very real person. In his bitter way he has come to terms with life and is as different from the brush Freddie as he is from the unromantic judge. Nothing shocks him, nothing ruffles him, yet with an absence of drama he manages to indicate that he combines great understanding with an even greater desire to divorce himself from contact with the world.

There is rather an obvious study lady from Mollie Lister and the potted psychology of Freddie's friend, although in character, is unnecessary, but these are small points that are easily outweighed by the quality of the rest of the picture.

The colour is good and the photography, especially of the scenes in Switzerland, is of a very high standard. Another pleasure for me was to listen to the lovely voice of Vivien Leigh. She has one of the most clear, soothing, delightfully-pitched voices on the screen.

Too Dizzy

"The Girl Rush" takes place in Las Vegas and is claimed to be Rosalind Russell's first musical.

She has certainly thrown herself heart and soul into it, almost as though she were trying to prove that she can be more bouncy, more noisy, and cover more ground in her song and dance routines than any showgirl who has made musicals her business throughout her entire career.

There's no doubt that she's a likeable person, but on my goodness, if she would only relax once or twice instead of career through the picture at a mad rush with her mouth perpetually open as though she were out of breath.

She's one of those persistently optimistic people who win or lose a million dollars with equally careless abandon.

An inveterate gambler, she has inherited this trait from her father. She has also inherited a hotel in Las Vegas from him—or rather, she is given to understand she has, for by the time she has travelled down to take it over, it has been gambled away by her father's partner, James Gleason.

We spend a rather tedious time while Rosalind Russell breezes through Fernando Lamas' expensive club, suggesting changes, reorganising the cabaret and generally behaving in the mistaken belief that it is while Lamas attempts to tell her that he holds the mortgage on the broken down hotel next door that was really lost her.

Shy—And Sly

In direct contrast to Rosalind Russell's exuberance, Fernando Lamas seems to be trying to act with restraint, but he overdoes it and nothing very much at all comes across the screen except the shadowy figure of a nicely dressed young man who is surely too kind hearted to be able to control a tough gambling establishment in a city that must attract more crooked characters to the square inch than any other place in the world.

Eddie Albert, as the not very smart son of a successful real estate tycoon (now anyone who ever goes to the pictures must surely know that word) falls for Miss Russell in a most obvious way than Larry and if either of the two could be imagined to be in love with such a whirlwind, he would seem the more likely.

James Gleason wears his hat at his usual angle, is shy and sly by turns, and in general behaves in his normal way while a TV personality who is very well known in America, I believe, (her name is Marion Lorne, and I must confess it meant nothing to me) provides a little comedy life interest on the more elderly plane for James Gleason.

The dancing in the beginning is quite bit there is too much of it too much of Rosalind Russell and her dizzy gestures and finally too much of the same thing.

QUEEN'S
5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

"COCKLESHELL HEROES"

EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

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GRAND OPENING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

VIVIEN LEIGH

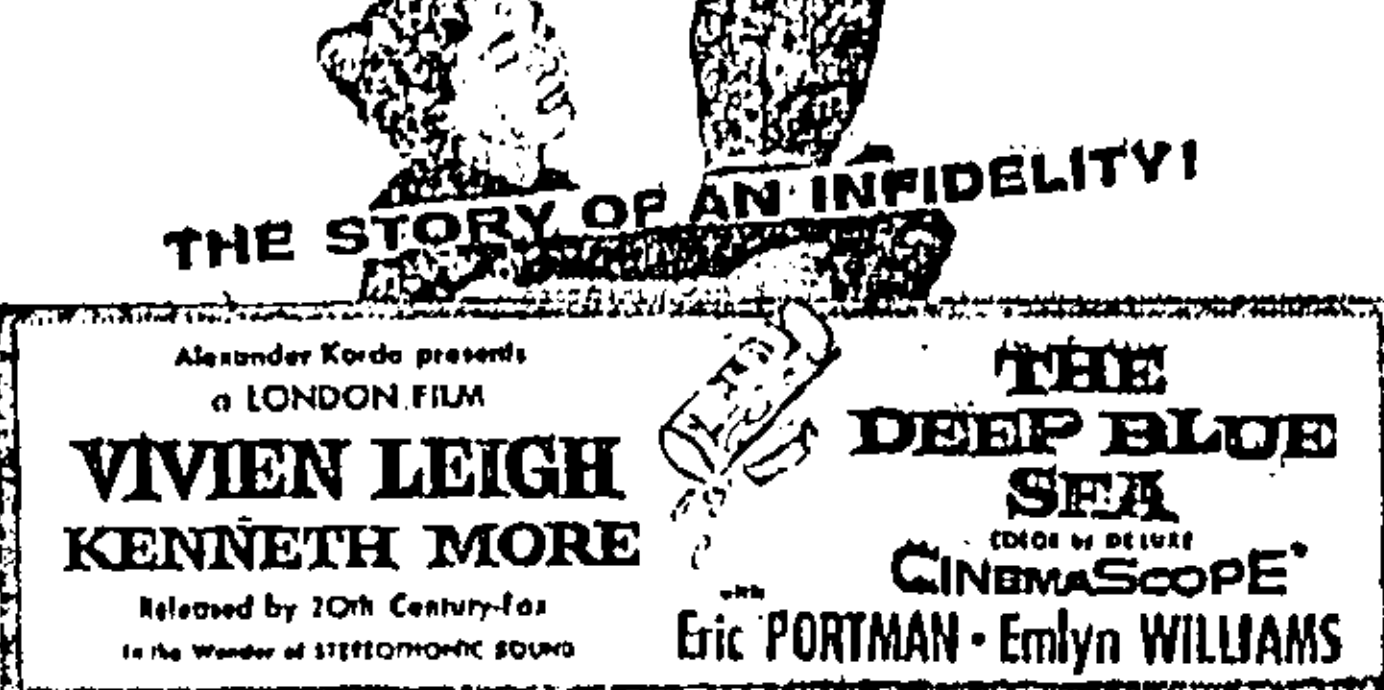
The Twice Academy Award Star of

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"A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE"

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"THE NAUGHTY MERMAIDS" Color by De Luxe

TOMORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.00 NOON

ROXY:

Burt Lancaster

Deborah Kerr

in

"FROM HERE TO ETERNITY"

Presented by Columbia

BROADWAY:

Richard Widmark

in

"STREET WITH NO NAME"

Presented by

20th Century-Fox

Reduced Admission —
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NEW YORK GREAT WORLD

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SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.

NEW YORK: Fox Technicolor Cartoons

GREAT WORLD: Paramount Technicolor Cartoons
At Reduced Admissions

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Victoria Park, Causeway Bay

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3 SHOWS DAILY AT 2.30, 7.00 & 9.30 P.M.

MOST ATTRACTIVE PROGRAMME
Thrilling! Wonderful!

ZOO opens daily 1 p.m. Admission—Children 20 cts. Adults 40 cts.

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Where They Plan To Give "Bonuses" To Taxpayers

Edmonton. People are making no money in this oil-rich Canadian province that the Government is seriously contemplating paying "bonuses" to taxpayers.

One city, Medicine Hat, which the late Rudyard Kipling said had "all the virtues of a hamlet," is pondering eliminating all but school taxes.

Alberta has a population of just over 1,000,000 but the province reported a net surplus of about \$40,000,000 at the end of its last financial year after spending \$505,000,000 on roads, public buildings, parks and contributions to small towns.

It is in such good shape financially that it has borrowed money for 21 years and has to lower a pay-as-you-go plan for all capital expenditures such as highways and public buildings since 1935.

An apparently unlimited supply of oil and natural gas and an equally unlimited determination by thousands of Canadians and Americans to cash in on it are behind the boom.

GATEWAY TO NORTH

Also, Edmonton is the gateway to Canada's far north, a geographical asset that has resulted in a massive flow of military and other traffic through here toward the snow country.

Premier Ernest Manning, who is also a Mormon Minister, just to be not fooling when he talks of paying people "bonuses" based on the boom. In a budget for 1935, he proposed establishment of citizens' "participation dividends."

"There would be direct payments to each citizen, regardless of his income, from the development of natural resources," Mr. Manning said.

A convention of his Social Credit Party, which is in control of the plan, is being held here but it may take several years to put it into effect.

The discovery of oil at Leduc in 1947 led to the boom. It brought an influx of oil men, led by T. S. James. Many still work in the oil fields. Others quit when they failed to strike gas, but many stayed in other jobs.

Medicine Hat itself boasts a city-owned utility that makes so much out of oil it averages a \$1,000,000 annual surplus. Mayor H. J. Vetter says Medicine Hat may become a tax-free oasis within three years except for school levies. —United Press.

'UNEMPLOYED'—GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE

Carlisle. Mrs. Gladys Sleightholme sued for divorce recently on charges that her husband usurped her wife's duties doing all the housework.

Her husband, George, countered: "She will be restored to her proper place" if she will "put my name on the rent book, darn my socks, let me have a say with the children, and turn the house from the pigsty into a palace."

The judge decreed that Sleightholme was supplanting his wife in the minds and affections of their children and awarded Mrs. Sleightholme a divorce. —United Press.

'Sunday School Should Be Compulsory'

Boston. FBI chief J. Edgar Hoover says every child in the United States should be compelled to attend Sunday school.

He made the statement in an interview with a Roman Catholic priest. Mr. Hoover said he would urge regular attendance at church and re-establishment of religious exercises in the home. He said the church "must provide two-folded forthright men who are not afraid to trample on toes when the honour of God or country is at stake." —United Press.

From Paris: 'Snack Bars Take Over The Business In A Paris That Is Fast Becoming Americanised.'

From New York: A Man Who Works In Manhattan's High Altitudes Has A Story To Tell.

From Hobart: A Washday Jigsaw Is Necessary To Piece Together The Badly Laundered Banknotes Of Mr. Down.

From Edmonton: So Wealthy Is This State That The Government Is Considering Paying Bonuses To Taxpayers.

The Peculiar Things That Happen

AT THE TOP OF THE EMPIRE STATE

New York. Frank Powell has spent 17 years at work at a height of 1,050 feet over Manhattan, scattering the ashes of deceased human beings over the city, settling bets, and greeting every conceivable breed of visiting celebrity.

He's the observation tower manager at the Empire State Building. The 1930 mark is his lowest working level. He often gets up near the 1,472-foot top of the building.

Things are always happening up there.

"Just the other day," said Mr. Powell, "this fellow comes up and says, 'are you Mr. Powell?' I told him yes. He says, 'I'm a trumpet soloist. I'd like to play my trumpet on top of the building. All my life I've wanted to. He hands me his card—Samuel J. Coury, Salem Depot, N.H."

"Well, he seemed like a nice chap. I told him to go ahead. I even went out and listened. You know what he played? 'I'm sitting on top of the world.' Fine tune. When he left, I got to figuring he'd go home and brag about it and have no proof.

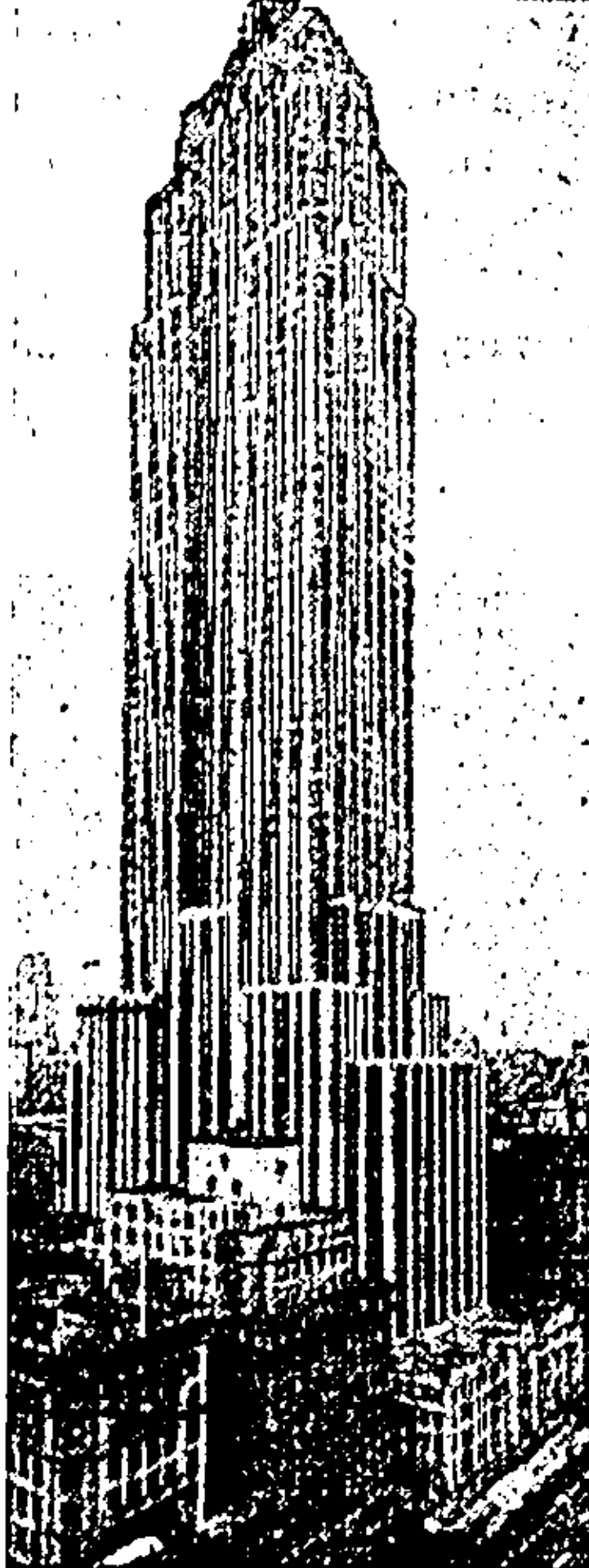
"So I got one of our giant souvenir postcards and wrote on it that this would certify Mr. Coury had played his trumpet up here at such-and-such an hour, and I put the official building stamp on it and shoved it in the mail to him."

How Much Does It Sway?

Be settling is an old story with the observation tower people. The most frequent bet is on how much the building sways. Mr. Powell has had telephone calls from such places as London, Mexico City, and San Francisco to settle wagers on the subject.

Mr. Powell's answer: "In a steady wind of 90 miles an hour, it moves out of line a shade less than an inch and a half."

In many cases the bet is on whether it sways around 20 feet. This is not too wild an assumption when you consider it has 102 habitable



storeys. Mr. Powell walked into the restaurant at the 80th floor observation terrace one day and found a man lying flat on his back, eyes wild, but breathing normally.

The man's friends were at a table, staring glumly at him.

"Blimey, the building tipped and I lost my balance," explained the man, obviously a visiting Englishman. "I can't help it if the others didn't lose theirs."

Questioning developed that the man had had a rough Atlantic crossing but all the while the ship was pitching his friends had told: "This is nothing compared with what you'll get when you get to the top of the Empire State Building. It sways 18 feet and more."

The man told Mr. Powell the building had tipped just as he hung up his hat. Mr. Powell examined the hatrack. The bolt holding it upright had come loose. When the hat was hung, the rack had swayed forward, and the

visitor swayed in the other direction so far he fell to the floor.

Mr. Powell has participated in several scatterings of cremation ashes. The original one was the case of a man born in Manhattan whose family moved to an Indiana farm when he was young. His wife directed that his ashes be cremated and his ashes be scattered from the building's top. His widow performed the rite, waiting for a day with a brisk wind.

Soon It Will Be 25 Years Old

The latest one was the case of a New Jersey woman. The first day she met her future husband, he took her to the top of the Empire State. They went there several times afterwards, and on one of these occasions he proposed to her. When she was dying, she told him she wanted to put them together before they were scattered from the building top. He wept as he carried out her wish.

The building will be 25 years old next May 22. Nearly 16,000,000 people have gone to its top. The oldest was 101, the youngest 13 days. —United Press.

WASHDAY JIGSAW

Hobart. Mrs. Reg. Down, of Launceston, put her husband's shirt in the washing machine—and mashed 235 in notes in the pocket.

She got suspicious only when she saw a £20 note floating amid the soap suds.

Her husband cleaned the machine out thoroughly—and found 700 pieces of paper. His bank told him he would have to put them together before they could be replaced.

Mr. and Mrs. Down, with their eleven-year-old daughter set about the task and six-and-a-half hours later had fixed the jigsaw together.

The bank handed Mr. Down crisp new notes. —China Mail Special.

Call Dr. Watson

New York. Police said they were a bit apprehensive about the fact that members of local branch of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers were going out on strike for high wages. The local branch is made up of men who service burglar alarm systems in the New York area. —United Press.

They Stop A Lake Freezing

Geneva. The rare spectacle of a frozen Lake Geneva has vanished for ever thanks to modern mechanical science.

The 70-mile-long "Lake" is virtually part of the Rhone river, which flows into it at its eastern tip near Montreux and flows turbulently out again through the city of Geneva at the other end of the lake. The constant movement due to the river usually prevents it from freezing even in very cold winters.

So rare is solid ice on this lake that it usually earns special mention in historic documents when it does happen. Only once in recorded history has the entire lake frozen solid, in the year 793 A.D. Again in 1895 the Western end froze so that chariots could cross on the ice from Thonon in France to Nyon on the Swiss side.

This Year—Almost

The so-called "Little lake" or the port of Geneva, has frozen over three or four times a century in the past. The last time it was so cold enough to bear walking all the way across was in 1891. It froze again briefly in 1920. And almost closed over again 10 years later.

This year's prolonged cold wave, accompanied by many days of the cold north wind called the "Bise," would have again once more freeze-over to the history of the "Little lake" if man had not stepped in to prevent it.

Protected boat basins were already almost packed with floating ice and icebergs several yards wide stretched out to the shoreline when the gates of the electric plant in the centre of the city were opened. The outrush of water lowered the level of the lake far enough to break up the ice formations before they could finally solidify.

With such a weapon constantly at hand, local experts said, Lake Geneva would never again be allowed to freeze over completely. —United Press.

CITY OF GOURMETS May Become CITY OF GOURMANDS

Paris. One of France's largest daily newspapers predicted mournfully recently that in 10 years there will hardly be any classic French restaurants left in Paris.

They'll all be transformed into American-style snack bars, the Paris Press-L'Intransigeant unhappily noted in a six-column spread analysing the trend from the six-course, two-hour dinner to the Frankfurter-on-a-bun on-the-fly.

"In 10 years," they quoted a restaurant director as warning, "there will be only 300 classic type restaurants in Paris. The 5,700 others will have been transformed into snack bars, self-service cafeterias."

The snack bar: "A restaurant where the tables are small, the seats covered with violently coloured plastic, the menu limited to grilled food and cold plates, fluorescent lighting, and rapid service with the service charge often included in the bill."

The self-service cafeteria: "A snack bar where one can get other foods besides those from the grill."

Now Manners And Clothes Maketh Man

Chicago. A Buffalo school official said recently that a boy's clothes have a close bearing on his behaviour.

Dr. Joseph Manuch, associate superintendent of Buffalo Public School-Community Co-ordination, said "many of the delinquents who were brought before me for acts of serious misconduct were often dressed in bizarre fashion."

But, he said, a "dress right" programme conducted at 14 Buffalo high schools brought a "substantial improvement" in teenagers' behaviour. Dr. Manuch explained at a convention of the National Association of Retail Clothiers and Furriers that teenagers were more likely to be "impressed by the opinions of their peers than by the mandate and opinions of the elders."

Boys Start It

Therefore, the Buffalo Inter-High School Student Council was asked to start the "dress right" campaign instead of ordering the change, he said.

He said a student council banned dungarees and unpressed khakis, T-shirts and sweat shirts, and extreme styles in shoes, including motor-cycle boots.

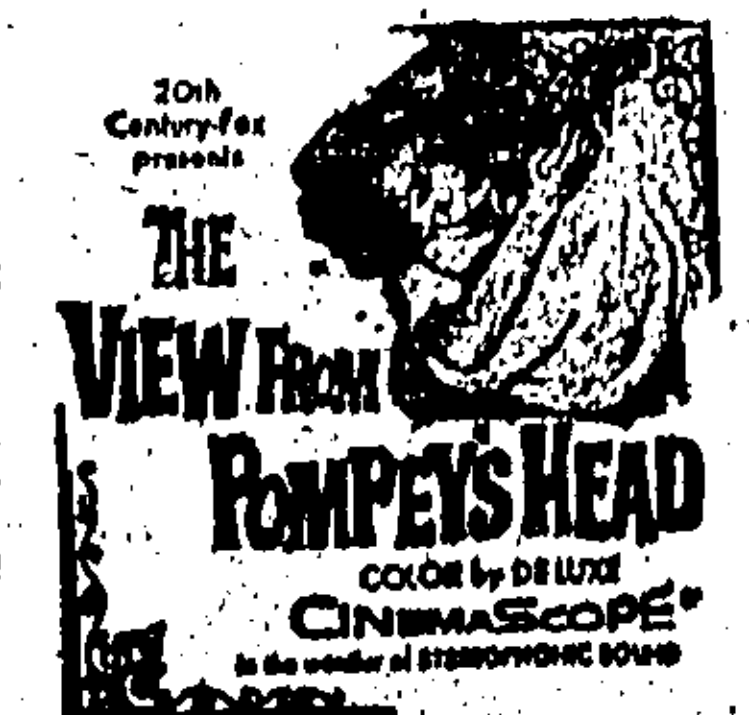
Although compliance was only voluntary, Dr. Manuch described the results as "very successful."

Approved wear for classes included dress shirts and ties, or conservative sport shirt and tie, with sport coat or sweater and standard trousers, he said. —United Press.

Legs Will Tell

Geneva. A judge recently advised a Geneva hotel owner charged with selling alcoholic beverages to youths under 18 years of age to "check the hair on their legs." That might give you a proper indication as to their correct age. —United Press.

MAJESTIC OPENS TO-DAY At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



To-morrow Morning Show At 12.30 p.m. At Reduced Prices Randolph SCOTT in "RIDING SHOTGUN" Technicolor

THE SWIMMER THAT GOT AWAY

Melbourne. Eight-year-old Brian Hamilton will carry a shark's tooth-marks on his legs for the rest of his life. Brian, from Merton, Victoria, was swimming in the sea at Coppel, south-east of Melbourne, when a shark seized his legs. His father raced to his help and scared off the shark. Brian has rows of multiple teeth marks on the back of his legs. He was not seriously hurt. —China Mail Special.

Ice And Cold—But They Still Come To Lourdes

Lourdes. Americans are showing up more and more among pilgrims at the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes.

Authorities report that 6,000 Americans came last year to pray for restoration of health at the site where the peasant girl Bernadette Soubirous is said to have seen a shining "Lady in White" almost 100 years ago. The number of American pilgrims has increased sharply since 1950, when they made up a comparative handful among the 2,000,000 Europeans who visit the shrine every year.

Three American children have prayed at the shrine and bathed in its icy waters within the past two weeks. The latest to arrive is 13-year-old Nancy Hamilton of California, who has already lost both legs to a disease called "lymphogranuloma." Doctors say her illness is incurable and she has only from two to five years to live.

DOOMED BOYS

Two leukaemia victims, Randy Eckmann, 7, of Chicago, and Craig Glanville, 4, of Ohio, visited the shrine earlier last month. They are also doomed as far as medical science is concerned.

These children and their parents have found Lourdes almost a ghost town. It is not the season for pilgrims, and the bitter European cold wave has covered the city with snow and ice.

Nancy braved 14-degree temperatures to attend an open-air Mass and bathe in the waters which millions have

TO-NIGHT AT 7.45 P.M.

Lée Wing Wah Cantonese Opera Co. "THE GOLDEN BIRD" (金雀奇緣)

CAPITOL RITZ

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

VICTOR MATURE GUY MADISON ROBERT PRESTON

THE LAST FRONTIER

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

TO-morrow Special Show AT 12.15 "THE SILVER CHALICE"

FESTIVAL DRAMA

(In English)

March 3rd D. G. S. PAPAGONE adapted from Mozart's 'Magic Flute' at Wah Yan, Kowloon: 8 p.m.

7th Garrison Players. Somerset Maugham's THE CIRCLE Scout H.Q., Kowloon: 8.30 p.m.

and on 9th and 10th at the Missions to Seamen, Hongkong: 8.30 p.m. BOOKING AT SKINNER'S, FEDDER ST.

12th, 13th. Linden Players. J. B. Priestley's DESERT HIGHWAY. Missions to Seamen: 8.30 p.m. BOOKING AT MOUTRIE'S

16th, 17th. H.K. Stage Club. Shakespeare's OTHELLO. Leo Theatre (16) 7.30 p.m. (17) 8.30 p.m. BOOKING AT LEE BOX OFFICE, QUEEN'S RD.

20th, 21st. The Masquers. Milton's COMUS Dryden's SECULAR MASQUE Wah Yan, Hongkong: (20) 8.30 (21) 5.30 for school 6 p.m.

Now Jeeps Herd Buffaloes In The (Not So) Wild West

New York. The wild West is dying. It's so far gone that even the sight of a horse makes the buffalo nervous. They're used to being herded with jeeps.

Mr. Les Price, proprietor of the country's largest buffalo herd, and superintendent of the 72,000-acre Custer State Park in South Dakota, said this recently. "The buffalo herdsmen have jeeps now, and the herd is used to them," Mr. Price said in an interview. "The buffalo will attack a horse and kill it, now. If you ride out in there among 'em with a horse, you're in trouble."

\$2 A Skin—Then

The Custer Park herd numbers about 1,000 head after the "winter kill." The herd has to be reduced twice a year by expert marksmen to keep it from getting bigger than the range's grasslands feeding capacity.

Conservation measures have brought the North American buffalo population back to about 10,000. Mr. Price said from its low of fewer than 6,000 around the turn of the century when hunters slaughtered them for the skins—at \$2 each. Before the white hunter came, 60 to 100 million buffalo roamed over an area now covered by 34 states.

The modern buffalo has been improved somewhat by breeding but he's one of nature's cruelest critics. Mr. Price said he be-

lieves the mature buffalo bull is the most powerful living thing on the North American continent, short-tempered, unpredictable—a sort of bulldozer with jet speed.

"They're so anti-social—that's what saves the tourists," he said. "They'll leave you alone if you don't bother them."

A full-grown buffalo bull weighs 2,400 to 3,000 pounds, stands 6½ feet tall, is faster than a horse. Almost unanimously they refuse to be buffaloed—by anything.

Mr. Price recalls one instance of a buffalo in the road in the way of a bus loaded with tourists.

Bull In A Temper

The driver decided to try to nudge him off the road. Mr. Price said, "Well, a bull loses his temper just like that. This one nudged right back. He busted up the front end of the bus, and they had to get another bus to take the tourists out."

"We've got a dozen jeeps that we use in herding. A jeep weighs about half what a mature bull does. We've seen a buffalo cave in the back end of a jeep with one kick."

Mr. Price staged a big buffalo stampede for the movie cameras last summer.

"It's never been done before, and if I have anything to do with it, it'll never be done again," he said. "We used air cover and every other means to round up about 1,000 head. We got 'em started by noise—blew horns and set off a couple of charges of dynamite. People sometimes ask me, 'how do you stop them?' You don't. The only way to stop a buffalo stampede is let 'em run until they're run out."

Star's Narrow Escape

The occasion was the filming of "The Last Hunt," a picture built around the big buffalo slaughter of the 1880's. The picture shooting was derailed with the park's "spring kill."

When the park marksmen were thinning the herd for its own preservation.

"The movie actors shot blanks," he said. "The only real shooting allowed was by our men doing their regular job. Let me tell you, I was plenty scared. Take just one instance. Robert Taylor was supposed to be shooting a big bull and our men stopped the bull four feet from Taylor's shoes. That's where his nose hit the ground."

—United Press.

Santa Mystery

Salem, Mass. Thomas Mansell, 6, wondered how Santa Claus got down narrow chimneys. Tommy tried it recently while playing on the roof of a shelter hut at a play ground. Firemen had to use hammers and crowbars to break him loose. —United Press.

ROMANCE BY RADIO

Darwin.

Mr. David Fogarty and Miss Joyce Crowson courted by radio 1,000 miles apart—pedalling as they talked to generate electricity for their radio sets.

David lived at Mulga Park cattle station, in the heart of Australia, and Joyce lived at Montejinnie station, in the Northern Territory.

They had known each other for years but heard from each other only seldom until a pedal radio was installed at Mulga Park.

There was already a pedal radio at Montejinnie. From then on, the couple romanced by radio every night. Finally David made the two-day car trip to Montejinnie and proposed. They were married in Katherine, 200 miles south of Darwin. —China Mail Special.

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Bernie Burke, of Salford, last week willed himself to walk seven short, determined steps from a fireside to a window. There—with his nose pressed hard against the panes—he watched for the man who helped him find the will to live. Bernie, with stiffened legs, has joined the 98th Salford Scout Troop, and once a week now he takes those few steps to look out for Group Scoutmaster Ben Hart, who drives him to the Cub meeting. (Express)



ROMANCE rumours circulating about Swedish-born film actress Anita Ekberg and British actor Anthony Steel got a boost when she took him home to meet her mother and seven brothers and sisters. Mama Ekberg serves Anita's friend at tea. (Express)



ACTOR Alec Guinness outside Buckingham Palace after receiving the insignia of Commander of the Order of the British Empire. With him are his wife and son, Matthew. (Express)



ACTRESS Maureen Swanson is getting a big build-up from the Rank Organisation, which has just announced a £3,000,000 plan to make 20 major features by the end of the year. This is the most ambitious programme ever attempted by a British studio, and you will be seeing quite a lot of Maureen. (Express)



THIS new British infantryman's outfit has been designed for combat duty in icy conditions. It consists of a parka jacket with hood, which fit over the regulation battledress. (Express)



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA mixing a vat of mascara base during her visit to a cosmetics factory in Brentford, Middlesex. She saw all types of cosmetics being made, from raw material to finished article. (Express)



HER Majesty the Queen and the Queen Mother leaving the theatre after seeing the French revue, "La Haine de ma Tante." Shortly before a sketch depicting an embarrassing Paris street scene, pressmen were asked to leave in order not to watch the Royal Family's reaction. The incident provoked one columnist to describe it as "the most extraordinary censorship" he had ever known. (Express)



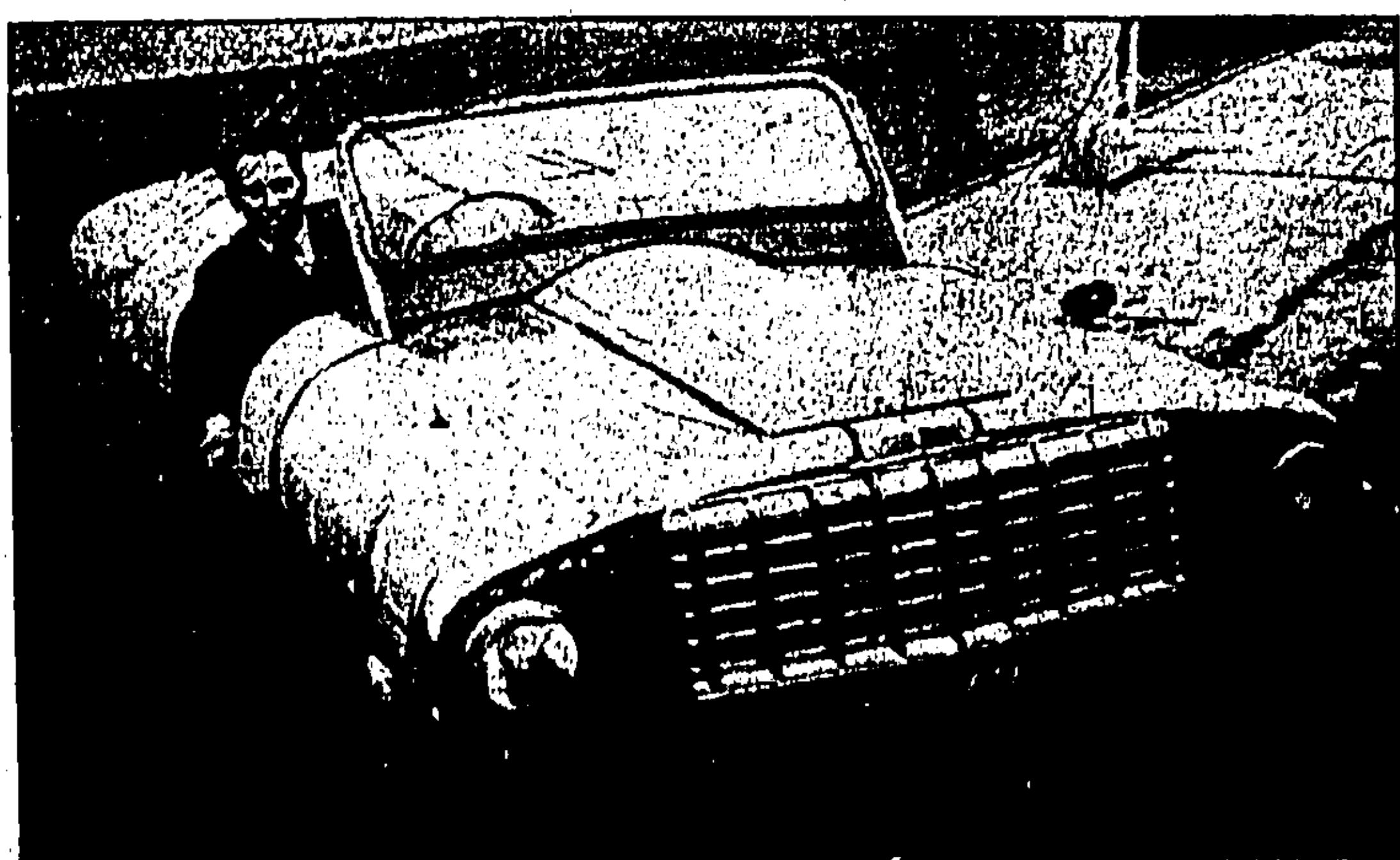
MEET Britain's newest millionaire—13-year-old Norman Best, here seen with his wife Gladys. A former radio repair man, he invented the X-shaped television aerial. He has just sold his firm for £1,300,000. (Express)

BELOW: Seated in his home-made, five-seater car, in which he plans to tour Europe this summer, is 36-year-old paint salesman Robert Townsend, of Slough. The car took one year to build, cost £180, and has reached 85 mph during trials. (Express)



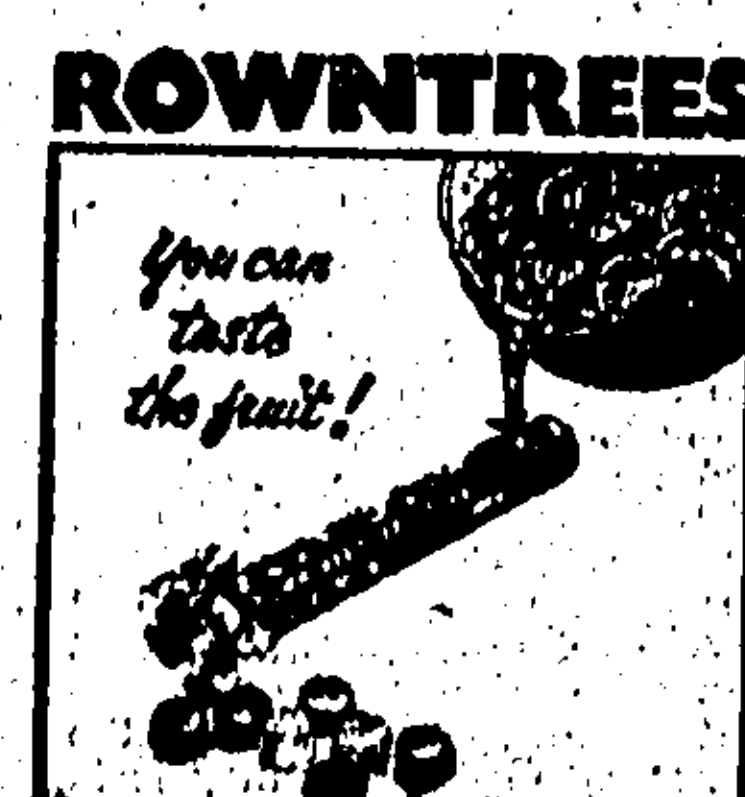
FIRST murder to be reported in Britain after the House of Commons voted to abolish hanging was committed in London's Limehouse district, dock area beloved of crime novelists. Victim was 50-year-old Mrs Betty Seneff, stabbed in the sailors' outfitters' shop (above) which she ran with her ex-policeman husband. There were indications that there was a struggle in the shop. (Express)

BELOW: Two of the six bridesmaids at the wedding of actress Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier of Monaco will be, appropriately enough, a Hollywood actress and a princess. The two are Rainier's sister, Princess Antoinette, and Rita Gam. Grace and Rita, shown here, shared an apartment in New York. (Express)



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



The greatest day of their lives

**'YOU LOOK HALF DEAD' SAID A NEIGHBOUR—
BUT JIM PETERS HAD JUST RUN HIS FIRST
MARATHON RACE.**

Suddenly... it was no longer a silly little race

THE STARS OF SPORT TELL OF
THEIR MOST THRILLING DAY

By GEORGE WHITING



Jim Peters

Unforgettable

A tiny but clean-as-a-new-coin office and reception room at Mitcham, decked with sporting prints, presentation plaques and the gold curtains he won in Belgium, bear witness to Jim Peters' industry as a dispensing optician running his own little show.

As one whose memory is seared with the sight of Peters collapsing like a Belsen derelict in the shimmering Vancouver heat of 1954, it still brings a glow of mutual well-being to be sitting with him in that Mitcham office.

It may be that we over-emphasized the agonies of that Empire Games Marathon. But it is not easy to forget our relief when a breathless messenger arrived at our Vancouver hotel late that Saturday night crying, "Peters will live. Peters will live."

Testimony

Jim's greatest day? He says not. Nevertheless, the Canadian occasion has been marked for all time by a commemorative plaque from his most distinguished witness, Prince Philip. Also by the foundation of the British Columbia Jim Peters fund, the first of whose grants went to a 17-year-old boy who had both his hands blown off on Halloween.

Worth — while testimony, don't you think, to one of the

most gallant failures in the whole history of sport?

But it is of a more domestic and considerably less painful phase of his purposeful career that Peters likes to talk when you ask him to "name the day." Of his very first Marathon, in fact.

It was in 1951—the Polytechnic's annual Windsor-to-Chiswick race, with the record-breaking Jack Holden, lording it over lesser men as reigning Marathon champion of Britain, the Empire and Europe.

The pale Peters? H'm. Presumably, certainly, but unlikely

to catch the foxy Holden, veteran of a thousand miles of stop-watch racing. But it seems that Peters and his trainer, "Johnny" Johnston of Herne Hill Harriers, had acquired certain ideas after Jim had pushed Holden into yet another record in the Finchley "Twenty" a few weeks earlier.

"Nobody had told me, and I certainly would never have had the nerve to mention it, but I had come to realise that Holden was not an even-paced runner," recalls Peters.

"Jack, I found out, was a slow starter, and relied on a series of explosive sprints to frighten the life out of the opposition. So, knowing I could run six miles quicker than Holden, I decided to take a chance by belting away at the start."

In keeping with the tradition that British athletics is strictly a spare-time sport, unadorned by lush expenses, professional gimmicks, or toothpaste advertisements, Jim Peters' day of days (June 16, 1951) began as all his Saturdays had begun. Up at six, Chadwell Heath to Mitcham for a morning's work. Knock off at 12.30.

Then by train to Windsor, carrying his own bag—unaccompanied, unsung.

"A warmish day, in the 'sixties," says Peters. "As I say, I belted away at the start. Risky, I know, but I thought, it was worth taking a chance on the relatively fast Windsor-to-Chiswick course."

"Anyway, it worked. By the time we got to Slough, I must have been 200 yards ahead of Holden. Too good to last, of course, and it was no great surprise when Jack caught me just before the five-mile mark."

"But what did surprise me was that he seemed to be breathing heavily. Most encouraging, I assure you."

"We ran almost shoulder to shoulder, grunting and growling at each other for the next eight miles. Several times Jack would draw away, but I managed to stay with him without, I hoped, letting him know what the effort was costing me."

'A fool'

"At the half-way post, though, it looked as though Jack had decided to teach me a lesson. He almost disappeared for the 14th mile, and must have covered it in five minutes. I gave it all I'd got, but I just could not stay with him at that stage. I must have fallen at least 120 yards behind."

"Believe me, I was in a bad way. I wanted to pack up. I hated the Marathon and all Marathon runners, especially myself. What sort of a ruddy fool did I think I was, belting my innards out like this on such a sunny afternoon? The road looked like a feather bed. Why not lie down on it and let those other idiots carry on with their silly little race?"

"But, after about 18 miles, I suddenly realised that Holden was still no more than 200 yards ahead. Maybe he was feeling lousy, too."

Then, just as we turned into Heston he looked round—a sure sign of worry, and a thing we are taught never to do.

"Holden's jerk of the head put new life into me. I went after him, caught him, and left him. Suddenly somebody shouted that we were only seven miles from home, and almost immediately afterwards an unknown cyclist pedalled alongside yelling, 'Jack has retired. Holden's out—given up. You're out on your own.'"

"And if anybody tells me that Marathon runners are not permitted to receive advice during a race, I ask what I was supposed to do to that cyclist."

Impudence

And so little Jim Peters pressed on, blistered but unbelievably happy, towards the first and most spectacular of his many Marathon victories. His greatest day was at hand as he hot-footed it with infinite purpose—even to the final impudence of a half-sprint over the last 50 yards—towards the Polytechnic Stadium at Chiswick.

Stop-watch maestros hustled through their mathematics. Jim Peters, they announced in appropriate tones, had set up a new course time of 2hr. 28min. 25sec., become the first Englishman to beat 2½ hours for the Marathon distance; and cracked the all-time British record held for 22 years by near-immortal Harry Payne.

And there was Harry Payne himself, refereeing this 1951 Marathon and signing the certificate that said the indestructible little man from Chadwell Heath had taken over the role of King of the Road.

And the aftermath of this day of days?

"What have you been up to?" asked Mrs. Frieda Peters, when her lawfully-wedded returned home protesting that a square meal would kill him and please could he have a soft-boiled egg.

Five gifts

"My blisters throbbed, my tummy turned over, and I could not sleep," said Peters. "But I made up my mind there and then to be a Marathon runner or bust."

I asked Frieda to let me have five years, and I promised her a present to mark the passing of each of those years. The first year we had a garage built. The second, I bought a refrigerator; the third, a washing machine; the fourth, a television set.

"The fifth? Ah, we both got a gift that year. Our daughter, Jennifer, arrived in the middle of a thunderstorm."

And Mrs. Jennifer Peters, now rising two, is as lusty a tribute to Marathon running as you could wish to see.

(COPYRIGHT)

NEXT SATURDAY:

The greatest day in the life of Jaroslav Drobný.

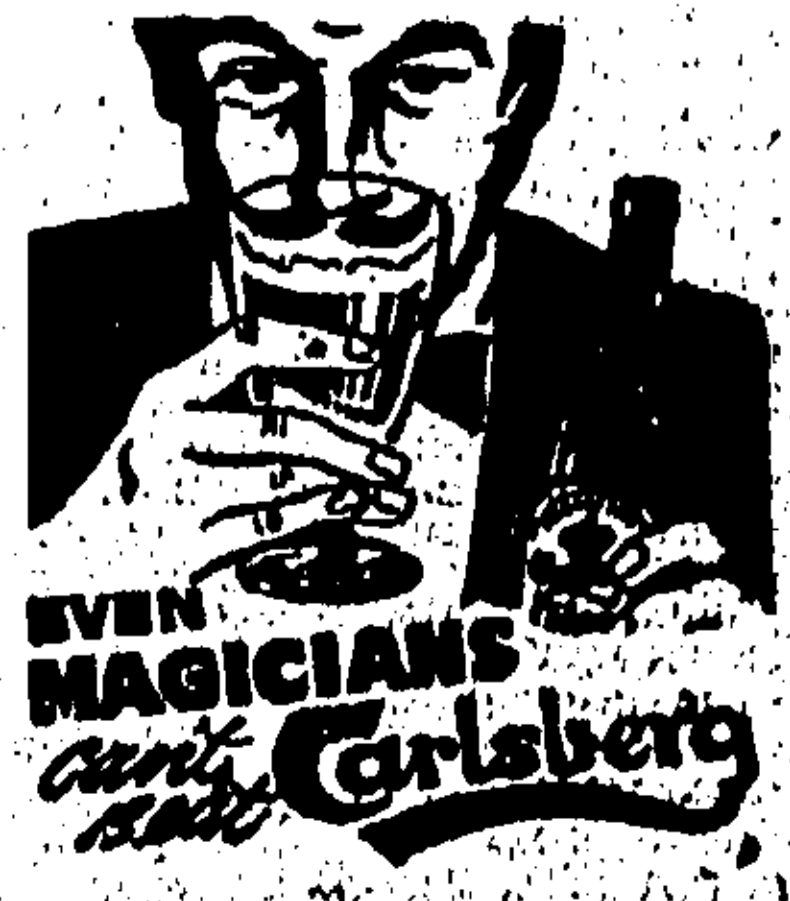


Miss Lucy

Down in Montgomery, Alabama's capital, the negroes have been boycotting the local buses since January 5 to protest against segregation. Fares have jumped and the municipality is losing money. The verandahs have been blown off two negro houses by homemade bombs. One of the victims—unhurt—is a minister, Mr. King who is running the boycott.

When death threat callers ring at night his wife answers, "My husband's sleeping right now." Mrs. King added, however, that her husband told her that "if anyone called to threaten his life I was to take their name and number so he can call back in the morning and take the threat himself when he's feeling fresh."

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

Next Saturday:
The Deadliest Traitor

Even MAGICIANS can't resist Carlsberg

AND A FEW MINUTES LATER—

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AND A FEW MINUTES LATER—

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Next

What I'd tell my child about—

THE radio prattled. "It is Wednesday, the 15th of February, Ash Wednesday," said the announcer. "And now we have Mrs Dale's Diary. An account of the daily happenings in the life of a doctor's family."

The harps played. But not for Ash Wednesday, when Lent began and penitents should cover themselves in ashes. The harp introduced Mrs Dale. The donkey work had got Dr Dale down and Mrs Dale was trying to cheer him up. And, I, on that day in this age, was trying to be honest about what I would tell my child about money, marriage, and morals.

Honesty first said to me: "You will tell him nothing. You are too lazy." Honesty then said to me: "You will tell him nothing. You believe that people should determine their own lives. You believe that that advice is given to be ignored. You believe that example is carved by the wearing of experience on character, as the sea carves coastlines on rock and sand, and not arbitrarily fashioned."

Conscience then chimed in. "In any case you can tell him nothing. What advice do you give on money, on marriage, on morals? None at all. You're a slimmer, not a saint. You're more clown than king, more fool than philosopher, and with a brain balance struck at approximately nothing you had better say nothing and listen to Mrs Dale."

But Duty still. Duty says. "You can't get away with it as easily as that. You brought him into this world. You had better try to tell him how to get on with it."

Money matters, son.

You won't be a free man with it, but you'll be a freer man with it than without it.

Don't hanker after poverty in an attic; empty bellies don't make poets.

Money counts, son. If you want to be accounted a success, like

DOCTOR SEES PRINCESS AND TELLS:— THE TRUTH ABOUT A KING'S HAREM

By SEFTON DELMER

BACK home to Damascus. Gone the only European MAN who has ever got into the harem of King Saud without having his head chopped off.

And before he left he gave me the answer to the question Western women so often ask: "What IS life like in a harem?"

It's PANDEMONIUM. And hurly burly. "That," said the man from the harem, "was my first and most overwhelming impression. 'Children of all hues, colours, and ages were dancing, crawling, falling, shrieking, laughing, and howling. Their mothers sat around on low couches and cushions chatting together and laughing.'"

Before you start asking how did this man get in and out of, especially out of the royal harem, let me explain he was there by King Saud's invitation.

PALACE GUEST

He is French surgeon, Marie Iselin. He flew out to the royal palace at Riyadh to perform a skin graft operation on 16-year-old Princess Fawilah, favourite daughter of Saudi Arabia's 55-year-old ruler.

He stayed several weeks at the palace. He talked to the king's countless wives and concubines (they are reputed to run into hundreds). And these were some of the harem secrets he told about—

THE MIDWIFE.—The most important figures around whom everything seems to revolve are the dressmaker and midwife. The midwife is physician and nurse combined. There is also a German woman doctor, who attends the king's harem.

THE SLAVE GIRLS.—There are many of them. Some are young, some old, some beautiful, and some just useful.

"But please don't think of these royal slaves as an unhappy, downtrodden chain gang. They are very well treated, with as many rights and privileges as a trade unionist."

EXPENSIVE.—And they are most expensive. They cost tens of thousands of pounds, sometimes hundreds of thousands.

THE CONCUBINES.—"One day one of the concubines, with many giggles, asked me how many wives I had. She must have been put up to ask that question, because when she did so all the other women were silent."

"They were genuinely astounded and very sorry for me when I announced I had only one."

THE REBELS.—"I don't think that even in deepest Arabia the harem 'prison' for women will survive many more generations. Already the women are rebellious even in the Cadillac harem of the royal palace."

"They listen to the radio, read magazines, and in a thousand and one ways learn of the freer and wider life of their sisters outside."

THE 'REFUGE.'—And what about life for a man with a harem?

Says Dr Iselin: "The king spends many hours there every day. It is the only place where he is safe from his advisers and the hundreds of people selling him schemes for spending his money."

The operation on the princess was to give her a "new" left hand. She was badly burned in a childhood accident and her hands had shrivelled.

Dr Iselin made a successful skin graft. When he left for Paris the princess said goodbye. "She took my hand," he said, "and poured into it a little heap of gold for me and a necklace of pearls for my wife."

MONEY

MARRIAGE

MORALS



..... REVEALING FOUR FRANK

PHILOSOPHIES... THIS IS No. 1 by George Gale

you'll need money. So if you have money, show it. Don't mortgage the present for the future. Don't swell the profits of insurance companies. The companies are fat. Their pensions are thin. The present exists. The past is dead. The future is a longshot.

Value your money, son. There's power in it. Power over things. Money can give you comfort. Money can make you time. Money can take you places. Money can ease pain, enlarge pleasure, banish boredom. The money you spend your money, son, will affect your life as much as the way you earn it, or more. It is better to spend wisely than to earn wisely.

Don't fear money too. For money is power over people. Money is power over you. Your own money is a power over you, changing your life. Other men's money is a greater power.

Other men's money may make you do things you don't want to do. Let it. Other men's money may make you into something you don't want to be. Never let it. Here is where you must fight, son.

You are at stake

here, and you are

worth more than

money.

And guard your money, son. There is a thief at large, huge, amorphous, headless thief, like the Thing that Quatermass came

ap against. But this thing is real and is called the State. It robs from me, son, and by the time you have any money it will be even bigger and even stronger and even greedier. Your father is not very good about this. He ought to have an account. Learn from your father's errors, son. Take his advice on this, if on nothing else. Swot up your income tax.

And remember: Don't despise money if you can help it. But whatever happens, don't let money despise you.

I am sweating slightly. I have to advise you on marriage, son, and your mother will be reading this. I am also supposed to be absolutely honest.

When you are

married, son, you

will realise why I am

sweating slightly.

Let me get it over with a rush. Here goes.

If you want to get married but you're not sure whom, don't.

advice. Marry young or old. Marry rich or poor. Marry for love, and if there's money thrown in so much the better.

You can learn the facts of life before you get married, but you cannot learn the facts of living.

They are worth learning, son. And you may get peace of mind from marriage. But it means more noise about the house. My wife has just asked me what I'm doing. Writing advice to my son about money and marriage," said I. "And morals," said I.

So what of morals? What can I say, despising the B.I.C. announcer's glib introduction of Mrs Dale on Ash Wednesday. I am not a penitent for Lent. But I have to tell my children something to guide their conduct, to help them shape themselves.

And simply, it is the old saw: Do unto others as you would be done by. Immanuel Kant taught that. He called it the Categorical Imperative: act in such a way that your acts could become a general rule. When in doubt, son, test your actions against that.

And remember, also, at all times, these precepts:—Never lie to yourself. Never lie to those whom you love. Never lie to those who trust you.

One other general rule: Find out what you want to do, and if it isn't going to harm anybody, do it.

Do what you want with your life. It's yours, no one else's. Live, son, and if you can, be happy for tomorrow, sons, and daughters, you die. And it's your funeral.

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Other writers in this series—

EVE PERRICK

FREDERICK ELLIS

ANNE EDWARDS

Second Article on Monday

HAVE YOU EVER LONGED FOR A RETURN TO THE LUXURY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY?

So the age of elegance was not so gracious!

by AMANDA MARSHALL

DOES the thought of your housekeeping, your bills and your income tax wake you up in the small hours in a cold sweat that owes nothing to night starvation? Do you frequently dream of a more gracious you, living in an age of leisure, luxury and faithful retainers, endlessly drinking green tea to an accompaniment of witty conversation and a perpetual background minuet?

Read Mrs Bayne-Powell's "Housekeeping in the Eighteenth Century" and thank God for the inelegant refrigerator, the ungraceful vacuum-cleaner and the unesthetic vacuum-cleaner and the strictly Non-U Laundrette. The eighteenth century was a fantastic, ill-proportioned age of extremes, with taste and elegance, reason and staidcraft, art and literature, extremely present, and hygiene, medicine and a reasonable overall standard of living extremely absent.

Six gallons each

Drunkenness was rather more than prevalent throughout society, each member of the population annually knocking back some six gallons of gin (otherwise cheerily known as gripe water, the ladies' delight, or the last shift).

It was an age when superb embroidery was painfully stitched by the light of one candle, when the stench of London penetrated three miles into the country on a carrying wind; when bedsteads, however lordly the upholstery, were all too likely to "sawm."

In spite of the glories of Chippendale, Adam and Vanbrugh, our ancestors' lives were in some ways extraordinarily primitive. Great houses needed table-cloths by the score, since wash-day might come round only once a quarter, and soiled linens were thoughtfully doctored for their alcohol-pickled owners; and

spare beds were built into sham bookcases, since at least some of your dinner guests were sure to stay the night either because they were too drunk to stir, or because floods had obliterated the roads.

What emerges from Mrs Bayne-Powell's fascinating and disturbing book is the advisability



ity of being rich—a situation to be recommended at any time, but in the eighteenth century absolutely essential.

The rich could afford brocade upholstery, hand-painted Chinese wallpapers, libraries and gunrooms, and even—very rarely—a bathroom. They could afford the tax on windows; they could even afford candles, though even a duchess held the opinion that one of these luxuries was quite enough to light a drawing-room.

But the poor, the inelegant, miserable, untidy poor, went without milk, bedrooms, soap and candles; and bought the used tea-leaves from the back-doors of great houses. Even the middling-rich found the cost of doing up a house prohibitive, and the "do it yourself" movement had already set in.

People who were eccentric or foolishly enough to drink water were thought likely to fall into a decline from lack of proper sustenance. At least a

pint of port was recommended for invalid ladies, and a certain kind of beer, cosily named Brunswick mum, was so potent that "men who drank it were rendered speechless."

Everyday ailments were treated with a horrifying faith in mumbo-jumbo and good luck. A dead man's hand was confidently believed to cure warts, toothache needed nothing more than a pair of self-administered pliers; a cough demanded small-



tea, a broth made of an old stewed owl and two puppies, or a ghastly brew of crabs' eyes, burned sponge, cuttle-fish bones, viper's flesh and tincture of wood-lice and tar.

Splendours

Electrical treatment was a fashionable hit-or-miss cure for practically anything, and a contemporary letter reads blandly: "Was you ever electrified? We have an itinerant philosopher here who shocks people down for the moderate consideration of sixpence, and men, women and children are electrified out of their senses."

Mrs Bayne-Powell's hypnotic account of domestic splendours and miseries two centuries back convinces me that no amount of gain and brocade, good conversation, little Negro pages to carry round the chocolate, and even the off-chance of meeting Doctor Johnson, could really compensate for enough medicine based on old stewed owl.

(CONTINUED)

Is Exercise Bad For You?

THE other day I was asked to conduct a life assurance examination.

Mr Oxley was healthy enough, but his physique was not particularly good. He had the sallow face of a city dweller and the flabby muscles of a sedentary worker.

"I don't take exercise, that's the trouble," he said. I sometimes think that the value of exercise is exaggerated. An athlete with bulging muscles is not a better insurance risk than Mr Average, who "walks" to work in his motor-car and whose only sport is watching football.

Indeed, exercise carries with it certain dangers.

"You mean strains, sprains, and accidents," Mr Oxley said, putting on his overcoat, preparing to leave.

"Things more serious also," I answered.

There is experimental evidence to show that the fatigue following exercise lowers the resistance to certain viruses. It's surprising how often adults as well as schoolboys indulge in sport when they're suffering from a cold or even a slight fever.

A DANGER

Should they do so there is always the danger that a head "cold" might be complicated by a virus pneumonia, and a "bit of a fever" or "influenza attack" develop into something as serious as paralysis of the fatigued muscles.

People should remember, too, that as they get older there is a gradual fall in the metabolism in adult lives and the body is less resilient and rebels against strenuous exercise or exposure to cold; so that the middle-aged man who jumps out of bed, races round the room and then takes a cold bath does himself more harm than good.

A boy can run to school immediately after a meal and feel

no ill effects, but an older man may suffer from dyspepsia by merely cranking his car too soon after lunch.

"Still," I told Mr Oxley, "sedentary workers with their inability to suffer from constipation and backache should be encouraged to go for a daily short, sharp walk or an occasional round of golf."

FATTER STILL

"It keeps people's weight down, too," observed Mr Oxley. In the popular imagination lack of exercise bulks large as

a cause of obesity; but hard exercise is not always a weight reducer. A man of Mr Oxley's size would use up only 120 extra calories if he walked two miles. And as a result of his walk his appetite would increase, causing him to eat a meal containing several hundred more calories. Eating less is a better method of reducing than exercising more.

"What do you think of breathing exercises?" Mr Oxley asked. "My wife benefited as a result of them."

"They're of undoubted value for 'chesty' people, for those chronic bronchitides and asthmas where a considerable proportion of the air contained in the lower lobes of the lungs is stagnant. For those, in fact, who breathe with the chest muscles rather than the diaphragm. Anyway, special exercises of this sort should be supervised by experts. And for healthy people they are of no value."

"From all you say," Mr Oxley laughed, "it would be better to languish in bed and not move a muscle."

"No," I said, "but there's a happy medium between immobility and fanciful physical exercises. I'm afraid I'm not a fresh air, more exercise, cold bath fiend."

In fact, I rather agreed with the man who said that one took enough exercise by opening and closing a window. And that the which came in would last for years.

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Now, Why Didn't Sir Laurence Employ Miss Monroe?

By JILL CRAIGIE

FOLLOWING hard on the heels of the latest Monroe doctrine—"Sir Laurence has always been my idol"—J. Arthur Rank has stepped in and succeeded in getting a little of the limelight transferred to British films.

He announced a £3,000,000 budget for 20 pictures to be made by the end of the year. This is £1,000,000 and seven films more than last year.

And it puts Pinewood among the world's largest film companies on the same scale as a Hollywood outfit.

Yet, despite this optimistic announcement, Tory and Socialist members of Parliament are warring about the industry. The death of Sir Alexander Korda, the closing of Ealing Studios and dimming of attendances, must, they believe, in the long run produce yet another crisis.

They would like to discover new means for expansion. Many Socialist MPs believe that a reduction in film stars' salaries might help to bring this about. Others would like to protect the independent producer.

Her idol

SPEAKING of Miss Marilyn Monroe's plan to star with Sir Laurence Olivier in her own production of Terence Rattigan's play "The Sleeping Prince," Mr. Stephen Swingle, MP, said:

"If Miss Monroe chooses a British actor as her idol, who are we to say that we have not got the talent here to build up a bigger and more attractive film-making industry?"

Apparently Mr. Swingle believes that the whims of Marilyn are likely to sway the hearts of his fellow-members even more surely than the hard statistics.

Yet even Mr. Swingle has failed to point out that, whatever Marilyn Monroe's value as an import, as an export she is something of a snake in the grass. Perhaps he is too chivalrous.

For the overseas revenue from her film, which will be made in Britain with British writing, directing, musical and technical talent, will accrue not to Britain but the USA.

Judging by the advance publicity, the film is likely to be a winner. I could bring home several million pounds or, even more important, dollars. Yet even in British territories the results in the box office will merely profit the American Treasury.

Same team

HOW different it might have been if Sir Laurence had purchased the services of Marilyn Monroe instead of vice versa. Precisely the same film, made with the same team, would have helped to build up that attractive British film-making industry that we all want. It would have also helped, in its small way, to ease our balance of payment problems.

So why, people are entitled to ask, did Sir Laurence fail to purchase Terence Rattigan's play in the first place? The answer is simple. He could not afford it.

This brings me to film stars' salaries. When he described his prospective earnings as "the usual pittance," people must have thought that Sir Laurence

Oliver was talking with his tongue in his cheek. Up to a point he was.

As we all know, film stars live in the grand manner. They buy minks and expensive cars. But here is the irony of the present situation.

The tax collector allows Sir Laurence his life of luxury but denies him the right of genuine self-expression. In other words, power.

He may claim a car against income tax. But if he had saved enough money to buy Terence Rattigan's play, his savings would have been taken from him.

Prewar savings

TODAY, no British film-maker can succeed in becoming an independent producer like Sir Michael Balcon. Sir Michael achieved this by painstakingly building up his savings before the war.

But here is a further irony. Driven out of Ealing Studios by the entertainment tax, Sir Michael is now in America. He, too, may return with a contract to make films for an American company. If so, the profits of our most indigenous film would, in the future, be lost to Britain.

Alexander MacKendrick, who produces "The Ladykillers" and "The Man in the White Suit," is also negotiating with an American company. So, too, is David Lean.

You will shortly be seeing "The Man Who Never Was," a British story made by a British director, Ronald Neame. The Hollywood Reporter describes it as "one of the most intense screen dramas we've ever seen and, more importantly, proves that good pictures can be made in England with British casts and crews and brought to Britain in such form that our big domestic audience will relish them as it does our better Hollywood offerings." This is good news. It would be even better if the overseas profits came back to Britain.

Must choose

SO British film makers must now choose between making films for American companies or the Bank Organisation. If by some misfortune Pinewood is unable to repeat this year many of its past successes, it will be said, as it was said before, that we have not the talent to make a great number of films in Britain.

It will not be said that success is more likely if the choice of subject is spread among people of widely differing tastes. In the meanwhile, the fate of the Film Finance Corporation, British Lion and London Films is undecided. If they go under British film-makers' bargaining power is further undermined. The most ardent desire of men like Sir Laurence Olivier or David Lean is to make the films they believe in. It is a most laudable ambition. From a purely patriotic point of view nothing could be more desirable.

No wonder some people get a little weary of the never-ending attacks of Socialist MPs on film stars' salaries. Socialists believe in a just society. So they devise systems of taxation that strengthen vast combines at the expense of the artist. Tories believe in free enterprise and competition. So they support a system of taxation

that denies almost free expression and drives the independent producer out of business.

Very artists find it and they go to the higher bidder. Can you blame them?

In ten years' time Sir Laurence Olivier's sway over the younger generation may not be quite what it is today. His talent and experience will be even greater. Will he be the genius preying over a great studio like the men at Pinewood today?

Not a hope. He will have less power to choose his own stories, writers and stars than many of the accountants who now dominate British pictures. Like Marilyn Monroe he may live well. But unlike her he cannot afford to be his own boss.

No wonder he describes his earnings as "the usual pittance." Looked at this way, so they are.

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That glint, 30 feet up the bank — was it a leg-pull? Or a worthless lump of quartz? No, it was...

The Biggest Diamond In The World

ONE OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES, By LESLIE AYRE

ON a January day just 50 years ago Mr Frederick Wells could hardly believe his eyes. Could it really be? Could it be the biggest diamond in the world?

No wonder Mr Wells breathed heavily with excitement as he investigated the source of the flashing light on the bank-side in the Transvaal.

As surface manager of the Premier Diamond Mine, near Pretoria, Mr Wells was making his final round of inspection before going off duty on that bright afternoon of January 26, 1906. Suddenly, away up near the rim of the 80ft. crater, some object, catching the sun, sparkled with extraordinary brilliance.

Blue-White Gem

At the back of Mr Wells's mind as he made his way up the earth wall of the crater was the thought that, as sometimes happened, one of the men had decided to pull his leg by carefully placing a large piece of glass where it could catch his attention.

But this was no practical joke, as Mr Wells quickly realised when, by means of his pocketknife, he had extracted the huge stone from the yellow ground and hurried off to have it weighted.

It was a gem of 3,024 carats, of lovely quality and blue-white colour — four inches by two by two-and-a-half inches, three times bigger than any diamond hitherto known.

That evening Mr Thomas Cullinan, chairman of the company was entertaining 11 friends to dinner when a telegram bringing the news of the discovery was handed to him. He was not very impressed and, as he passed the message round the table, he remarked casually: "I expect that's a leg-pull. It is probably a large crystal."

They were not wrong, as Cullinan found to his satisfaction when he drove down to the mine the following day. As a first celebration he had 12 copies made of glass, one for himself and the others for his 11 dinner guests. And Mr Wells was promptly given a bonus of £2,000.

The discovery marked a peak point in the career of the enterprising and self-made Thomas Cullinan, who had had little schooling and had started out as a bricklayer and small contractor in Cape Colony, eventually becoming a landowner and one of the biggest builders in Johannesburg.

The Premier Mine itself was his own.

Leslie Ayre with a glass replica of the Cullinan diamond which is kept in a City office.

discovery. The site was originally that of the farm of an old-fashioned Boer of a type who, shotgun under arm, was inclined to resent intruders. But Cullinan, suspecting that this was likely land for diamond prospecting, crawled under the fence with some friends one night and carried out a preliminary investigation which satisfied him that he was on the right track.

He bought the farm for £40,000 and the Premier Mine was opened in 1903.

And less than two years later the Cullinan Diamond was discovered.

Worth £2,000,000?

Huge though the stone was, it was clear from one of the surfaces that it was in fact only part of a bigger stone. It was thought that the missing part must have been even larger than the portion that was found. What happened to the other half?

The story was current for years that a native worker had found and stolen it, and eventually offered it for £1,000 to a notorious criminal named Fourie. A meeting between the two was arranged, and so the story went. Fourie produced a bag, opened it, and showed that it contained sovereigns. But the native was suspicious, and, plunging in haste, found that, apart from the top layer, the bag was filled with wads. Then he took to his heels and was not seen again.

Later Fourie was hanged for poisoning a native chieftain. That story circulated widely, but there has never been any absolute proof of its truth. Since the discovery of the Cullinan Diamond several stones of considerable size have been found in the same vicinity and it may be that they were broken pieces of the original stone. But again there is no certainty.

Once the Cullinan Diamond had been found the next problem was to decide what to do with it. The directors of the mine, thrilled though they were by the discovery, were actually somewhat depressed at the thought that there seemed little likelihood of finding a buyer.

The biggest diamond in the world, it was difficult even to place a value on it. It was given a nominal value of £150,000—but Cullinan said that it was worth anything between £200,000 and £2,000,000.

"The Star of Africa," largest of the diamonds cut from the Cullinan, is shown here in actual size. It is set into the Royal Sceptre.

There really was no standard by which to assess anything so unique.

First of all it had to be protected. All the important people in the diamond world wanted to see it, and it was decided that it should be taken to Johannesburg.

The journey was safely accomplished—with the diamond hidden in the hatbox of a Mrs Perrew, wife of a Devonshire man, George Perrew, who was in the South African postal service.

The chief of the guards over the diamond was an Englishman, Walter Preston, whose duty it was to take it from the vaults of the Standard Bank in Johannesburg and hold it while the diamond magnates examined it.

Then came the problem of getting the stone in safety to the diamond market in London. After being heavily insured it was sent off in February, 1905, by ordinary parcel post with a nominal recovery value—and a dummy stone in a sealed package was at the same time carried in the captain's safe in a mailship and guarded by detectives. Both stones reached London safely and the real diamond was placed in a bank vault.

Winston's Plea

Shortly after its arrival it was taken to Buckingham Palace for inspection by King Edward VII and then went back to the bank vault.

In 1906 the Transvaal was granted self-government by Britain and the following year Louis Botha—Britain's enemy in the Boer War—became Prime Minister and conceived the happy idea of sending his country's loyalty to the Crown by purchasing the diamond and presenting it to King Edward.

But all was not plain sailing. There was opposition among many of the British population in the Transvaal who objected to such a presentation being made by an ex-enemy!

The British Party in the Transvaal Legislative Assembly opposed the plan and, though the motion was carried, the decision was not unanimous, the voting being 42 to 19.

Now the British Cabinet began to feel embarrassed at the lack of unanimity in the Transvaal, but young Mr Winston Churchill, Colonial Under-Secretary (who had been Botha's prisoner in the Boer War), derided the Cabinet for "taking a very unimaginative view."

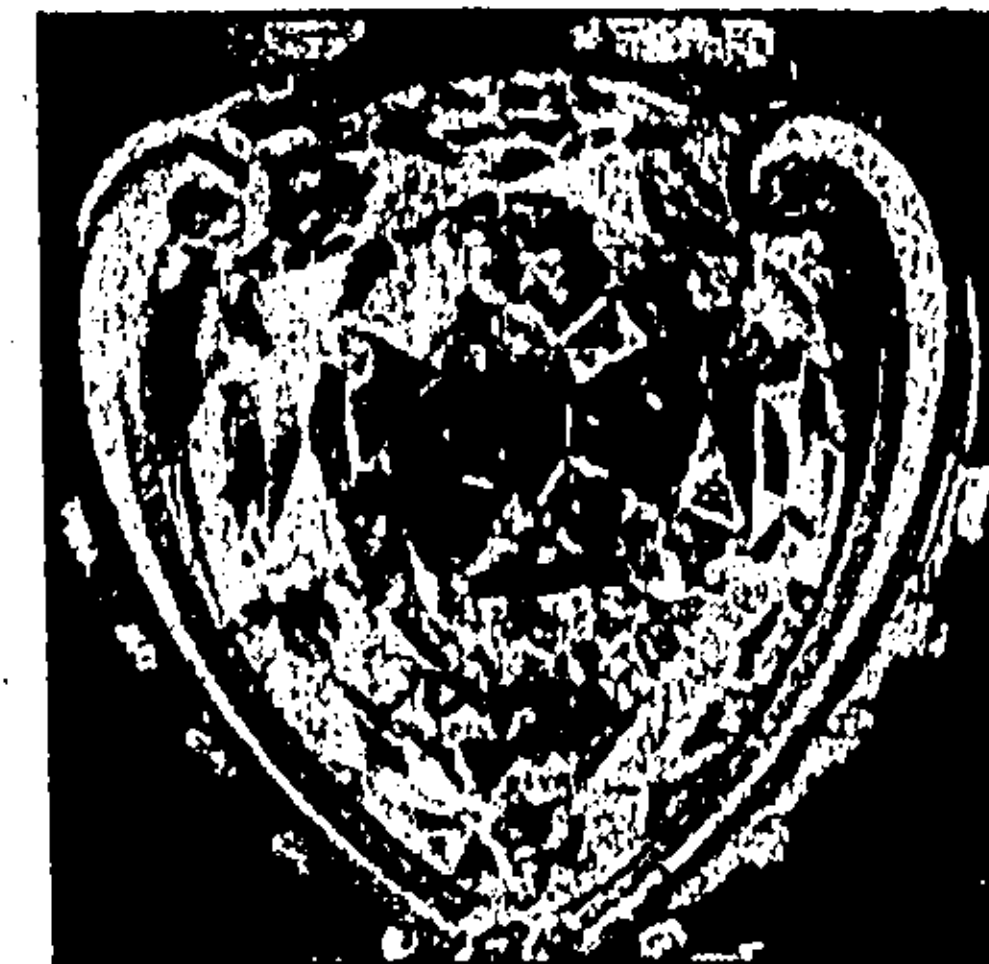
Both he and Lord Selborne, High Commissioner for South Africa, urged that the King should accept the gift, even though Lord Selborne, whose opinion the King paid much attention, was advising against the idea.

Pocketed Fortune

The Prince of Wales, later King George V, wrote to his father, who was already telling him that he had heard from General Botha how disappointed the Dutch would be if the offer was refused.

Eventually the Cabinet reached a unanimous decision that refusal would be defeat, and the King telegraphed from Biarritz that he would accept the diamond as soon as it was officially offered to him. He did so on his 60th birthday.

But how was the diamond to be prepared? It was too big to job as a single gem and, if it were split, there would be serious danger of shattering it into tiny fragments. There were long discussions among the ex-



perts, with Sir Arthur Levy, senior partner in the firm of M. J. Levy and Nephews, of Holborn Viaduct, advising the King.

It was decided to entrust to Messrs I. J. Asscher, of Amsterdam, the extraordinarily difficult task of cleaving the diamond.

The son of the head of the firm took it over to Amsterdam by the Hook of Holland route, carrying the stone in his left-hand trouser pocket and an automatic in his right-hand pocket. An amine detective was with him all the time until the gem was safely delivered at the other side.

And now it was that Mr Joseph Asscher took over the delicate task of cleaving the diamond.

A diamond, like a piece of wood, has planes of cleavage, and Asscher spent weeks in studying the Cullinan to decide precisely where the blow should be struck, knowing that a slight inaccuracy might smash the stone into small pieces. Then he practised with wax and glass models of the main portions.

First he ground a quarter-inch notch in the surface of the stone, which was then clamped in a special holder, and the cleavage blade inserted in the notch. With nerves tensed he struck the blade with a heavy rod—and the blade broke.

Then He Fainted

A second blade was inserted, the blow struck, and the cleavage was effected precisely as planned.

Asscher, keyed up to breaking point, collapsed on the floor in a dead faint.

Later, a further split was made and nine large stones and 98 smaller brilliants were cut from the three main portions.

But the strain had been too much for Mr Asscher, who had to spend three months recovering in hospital. Eventually he died in Deauville in 1907.

After the main cleaving there was still the work of faceting and polishing the stones, a task entrusted to three men, one of them Henri Koe, born in London of Dutch parents.

In a specially prepared room, with a thick carpet as protection against damage to the diamonds if dropped, the men worked from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. for eight months.

The task completed, Koe collapsed with a nervous breakdown and was sent to South Africa to recover.

The cut diamonds were brought to England from Amsterdam in the pockets of four brothers of the Asscher family, then deposited temporarily in a bank, redivided among the brothers and taken to Windsor by car, with other cars in front and behind, and presented to King Edward.

Asscher decided to call the biggest diamond "Star of Africa" and to embody it in the Royal Sceptre. The next three in size—though still huge gems—were called "Lesser Stars of Africa," the biggest of them being embodied in the Imperial State Crown, and the next two in Queen Mary's Crown.

The remaining five big stones and most of the smaller brilliants went to make a superb diamond-collared for Queen Alexandra, a collar that was later handed on to Queen Mary.

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"BLASPHEMOUS," THEY SAID OF GASLIGHT

WHEN, early in the 19th century, it was first proposed to erect gas lamps in the streets of London, there were many objections. Some people said the idea was blasphemous, since God had divided the light from the darkness and Man ought not to interfere with Nature.

Others objected on the grounds that people would have to pay for something they didn't want. Doctors were convinced that gas would affect people's health and that lighting the streets would cause people to stay out late and catch cold!

Then there were the moralists who thought that if the fear of darkness vanished, crime would increase. The police, too, were scared that thieves would have an easier time and they worried about horses bolting in the glare of unaccustomed light.

TWO MADMEN

Looking back, it makes you wonder how anyone ever saw the new artificial lighting at all. Even Sir Humphry Davy, the man who gave miners their famous safety-lamp, was apprehensive. He said the dome of St Paul's Cathedral would be needed as a gas-holder to store all the gas required for London and in any event, it would explode. And Sir Walter Scott scoffed: "There's a madman in London proposing to light the city with—what do you think?—smoke!"

And who was the madman? Well, there were a pair of them really—a very clever Scottish inventor, William Murdoch, and a German, named Murdock, who tried and failed to get Parliament's backing for a scheme to light up the whole country.

Nevertheless, a company was formed in 1810 and a start was made on Brighton London.

But one factory in Soho had already been working by gas-light for seven years. That was because Murdock worked there, and had managed to interest the proprietor in his scheme. He fitted up pipes, and put on the first public exhibition of gas-light, to celebrate the end of the war with

France. But Londoners thought it was just a new kind of fireworks display.

In 1802, a great many people believed they were celebrating the hundredth anniversary of gas-lighting, but they were three years out in their reckoning. It was either in 1794 or 1795 that the versatile Scot, Murdock, managed to make enough gas to light his own little cottage in Cornwall.

In those days, Murdock was working for Boulton and Watt, the steam-engine pioneers. Boulton had had a foretaste of the Scot's ingenuity when, as a youth, in 1777, Murdock had applied to him for a job. The nervous lad had dropped his

hat, which made a surprising-ly loud clatter. It turned out to be a wooden one, which the youngsters had made on his father's lathe!

Murdock invented all sorts of things, but he was so unassuming that he was content to let his employers get the credit for what he did.

One of his brain-childs was a model steam locomotive, which nearly got him into trouble. He tried it out on the road one night, and it raced away from its maker at great speed. The glow of the engine and the hiss of the steam gave villagers the fright of their lives.

It was coal-gas, however, that was Murdock's real interest. He was the first man to visualise the uses it could be put to and to evolve the necessary apparatus for gas-lighting.

Although he earned only a pound a week, Cornishmen recognised his genius and simple folk thought him a wizard. When he was invited to go to the Soho factory, mine-owners offered him twenty pounds a week to stay in Cornwall. It

was just like Murdock to refuse this handsome offer; he remained loyal to his masters.

And he never made a penny profit out of gas-lighting—even when it burned brightly, at last, on Westminster Bridge, in 1814.

When gas was eventually introduced into the House of Commons, the pipes were fixed well away from the walls, because a lot of people still thought they might burn the building. And MP's wore gloves for protection—they thought the pipes would be hot!

Soon, the use of coal-gas caught on. Glasgow was lit up in 1817; Liverpool and Dublin a year later.

FINAL TOUCH

The gas mantle arrived later when a German chemist, Auer von Welsbach, found that certain thorium compounds became brilliantly luminous when held in a flame of a Bunsen burner. But not the fabric itself; that burned away. It was the ash that gave the brilliant light.

Murdock would certainly have exchanged the mantle of greatness for the discovery of that other mantle, which gave the final touch to his bright invention.

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JOHNNY HAZARD



...this situation calls for a San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

A New Fashion Is On Trial
PARIS COUTURE PRESENTS THE
CASE OF THE SILHOUETTE

Paris. THE Supreme Court of Paris couture is in session for the spring and summer of 1956.

A new fashion is on trial before an exacting female judge and jury.

Here are the facts in "the case of the people versus the silhouette".

The "crime" is temptation, tempting women to throw their old clothes to the four winds and start afresh with new fluidity and ease, abetting the waist and bustline in escaping from the confining prison of the sheath, shortening the skirt to show an inch or two more calf, and helping women to step out looking as pretty as the first crescent.

TOP INTEREST

This case blazes on play throughout the midriff in subtle high-rise effects, which clearly define the natural waistline, while deceptively focussing interest above.

M. Christian Dior, Counsel for the defence, pleads for the

new "Caraco" bolero, which swings free just below the bustline. He speaks of narrow, stanted belts angled across the breastbone on suits of draping, seaming, or fabric and colour contrast to break the long line.

He stresses emphasis at the top of the silhouette, seen in the "Arrow line" with broadened shoulders, kimono sleeves and intricate yoke seaming. This line is basically slender for daywear, with optical illusions of width achieved by flying panels.

POPULAR PANELS

Panel are set high at the back, controlled by a martingale, or fall free from the décolleté or dresses. At Genevieve Fath, entire coats are contrived of panels, slit up the back in two separate halves. Jacques Griffe uses flying panels simultaneously at staggered heights, front and back. When not actually present, the panel effect is there by proxy, with soft folds lending ease to skirts, or opening beneath the bodice of Empire gowns.

Other characteristics of this new silhouette are the hemline treatments, replacing last season's

son's exotic Turkish and harem effects. Depressed hemline is in with the new apple feeling, gained in the riving towards softer fabrics. There are suggestions of draping in hemlines at Pierre Balmain and Jean Patou and low-cut flounces in modelled fardango effects.

Bloused fullness in puffy, crescent shaped coats is controlled by straight hem bands, seen in Lanvin's "Brioche" coats or Griffe's pleated honey-comb smocking.

There are little shrugs and caplets to contrive an ensemble look, or removable stoles attached to the backs of dresses. "Caraco" and "Canézo" boleros may suggest a two-piece costume, but they are in reality a floating bodice. Lanvin features conical tiers, with the skirt repeating the line of the tunneled Canézo. Wide lingerie is used with frankly pretty effect. Winter's high, barren necklines give way to crisp, white organdy collars, laced on to wide-set suit revers. Genevieve Fath uses Edwardian frills of starched white cotton evoking jacket closings and herringbone quarter length sleeves, or allows ruffled labes and girds to cascade from the neckline.

Dior's widely bought three-piece suit called "Bols de Boulogne" is indicative of several important trends. It marks the revival of navy blue paired with white. The back of the top coat is noticeably rounded by arched tucks. The suit jacket is short and easily fitted with an almost non-existent basque. The white organdy collar matches the collarless and sleeveless little vest, slotted with navy tulle ribbon.

NEW AND FEMININE

Colours and fabrics have important evidence to give. The palette is predominantly light and pale, except for the strong revival of navy blue, seconded by black. The beige, greige, and yellow families lead, epitomised at Lanvin by all the bread, wheat, toast, and cereal tones, running into clear yellows from lemon to bright mimosa. There are anemone colours, pinks and reds, and bright cornflower and sky blues. A pale lilac shade is favoured by Dior and Balmain.

Fabrics keynote the whole case, suppl., soft, Anis and easy to drape. Rough loose tweeds are replaced by Shetland coatings, and serge, alpaca and silk and wool mixtures for suits and dresses. Popular, too, are shibui, screen prints, and two-toned weaves, or patterns with chalk and banker's stripes, discreet Glen-tartans and checks.

Summing up the evidence presented, the accused emerges as pretty and feminine, both new and evolutionary, easy to wear, will not date too quickly, and has succeeded in banishing



"Pintade", by Christian Dior, is a black and white silk ensemble consisting of a bolero coat with big patch pockets (left), a caraco bolero and straight skirt (right).—Agence France-Press.

many eccentricities from the styles of the past seasons.—China Mail Special.



An afternoon dress in dark grey flannel. Note the high waisted effect marked by a flowing draped panel starting just under the bosom. By Christian Dior.

How To Choose A
Flattering Neckline

By JEANNE D'ARCY

HAVE you ever considered what effect your dress neckline has on your face?

Considerable! The right neckline contributes a great deal to the beauty picture.

If your face is full, for example, steer clear of high-necked and high round ones. They'll make your facial contour seem much fuller than it really is.

If you have a high-necked dress, wear a single long strand of beads with it. It's a trick that distracts the eye. The beads create a V effect that will make the round face appear longer.

V-necklines are your best bet. If you're a real short little girl, don't have the V too deep or it will chop off your height.

The girl whose face is thin has just the opposite problem. Instead of slimming facial lines, she'd like to make them fuller. Heart-shaped or deep square necklines are extremely becoming to her. Strapless evening gowns are flattery, too, because when shoulders are bare, the face seems larger.

The thin, long face is also flattered by frills at the neckline. A knotted scarf or a cravat choicer does wonders. High round necklines become this type, too, if the neck is long and skinny. Turtle-neck styles cover up well.



For cocktails, Dior presents this chic outfit in black silk. The caraco bolero which stops just above the belt is topped with a draped caplet in white organdy.—Agence France-Press.

THERE'LL BE SUNSPOTS ON
THE BEACH

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

HAVE your sunglasses handy if you are going to look at this year's beachwear. You'll need them against the colours.

The designer who put fashion on the tennis courts has set colour on the beach. And it looks like glorious technicolour and the fashion magazines all rolled into one.

TROPICAL THEME

Teddy Tilling himself attired in the most fantastic shirt ever seen, launched his new collection of beachwear last week. The colours, he said, were inspired by a trip to the South Pacific, and they are variations on shades of sand, sea and orchids. Bright though they are, most of them are mixed with a second colour to make a still more striking effect. Thus one outfit consisted of jumper top in pink and yellow striped towelling, partnered with pirate pants in pink cotton.

Styles divided themselves into three main trends. There is the long moulded playsuit, with a lampshade frill, worn over shorts. There is the smock, a loose, casual blouse worn with shorts or slacks. And there is the man's shirt, made in brightly patterned fabrics and designed to be worn either inside or outside your slacks. (Strangely enough, he hopes also to sell

these to men, for he thinks that men, particularly the younger ones, want stylish casual clothes).

When it comes to fabrics, more practical trends have been introduced than for many seasons past. Swimsuits are in water-repellant fabrics so that they dry quickly. Cotton skirts are crease-resisting, and slacks are—given a touch of glamour (washable). They are made in towelling striped with lurex. Most of the patterns in keeping with the tropical theme, are based on tropical fruits or insects. And one of them, where the designer's sense of humour got the better of him, has a pattern of footprints in the sand spread across it.

TENNIS STYLES

Of course tennis styles are not forgotten. The man who turned up a new style for Little Mo each year at Wimbledon has found a new line again for tennis wear. Or rather, two new lines. They are for those who choose the fashionable, rather than the strictly tailored, in tennis styles.

First, the directoire dress. It is based on the new Paris fashion line, with its return to the high-waisted French Empire look. Tilling's tennis dress, in white crepe, has its high waistline emphasised by inset white satin, and a white satin frizzo trims the flared skirt. Then, the "cold shoulder" dress. This is for those who



Left to right: The striped beach outfit... the "directoire" tennis dress... and the "cold shoulder" tennis dress.

play cherette tennis and in no racquet design—and of course doing bear the sleeve from the there is a left-handed version, armhole. Tilling has done too, away with the sleeve and tee-hole on the right hand side. For those who want to starve their friends at the tennis club front, and put box pleats round the neckline. It is made in green or blue rayon organdy with cotton printed with a tennis partner the tennis dresses.

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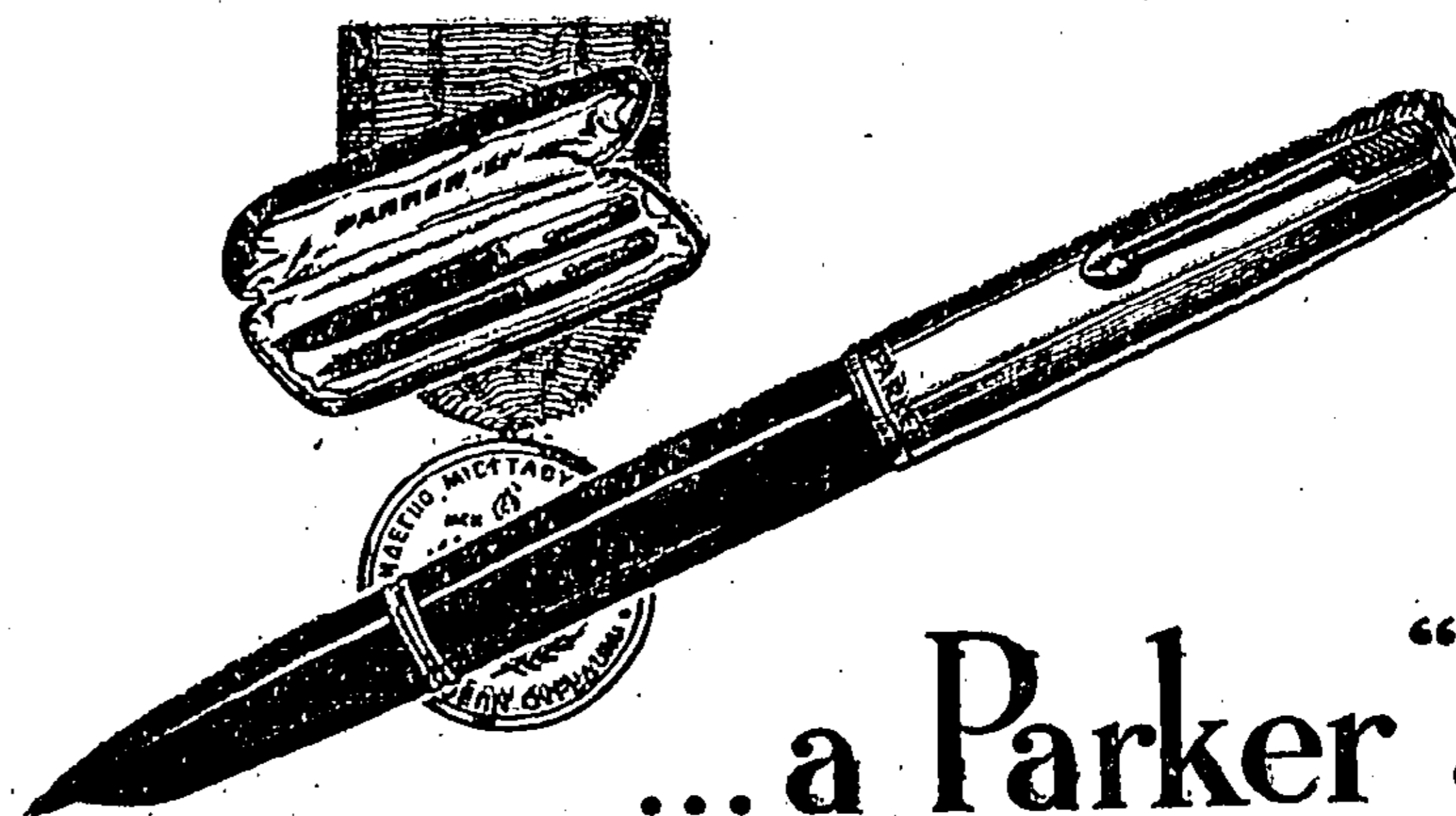
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WEDDING at St Teresa's Church of Mr James George Ramsay and Miss Mariaxinha Elfrida Pinna.



RIGHT: Leader of the Japanese Diet delegation now touring Britain, Mr Etsujiro Uehara, is snapped during the party's brief stopover at Kai Tak. Mr Uehara, a Liberal-Democrat, said the delegation would be spending 10 days in London. The party was invited by the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker of the House of Commons. (Staff Photographer)



AT the annual dinner of the Household Brigade Comrades Association, held last Saturday in the Officers' Mess, Volunteer Centre. Top picture shows Mr H. D. M. Barton with Brig. K. H. Bonamy. Immediate above, from left: Mr A. C. Maxwell, Capt. F. W. Konch and Mr J. E. P. Blenkinsop. (Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs William Grant Stronach with friends after their wedding at the Union Church. The bride was Miss Sarah Fotheringham Murphy. (Staff Photographer)

MR Hans Oostergo and his bride, the former Miss Isabella Palmer, who were married at St Joseph's Church last Sunday. (Ming Yuen)



THE Narvik landing in World War II was recalled when Mr Ronald Angus Winyard, of Cable and Wireless Ltd., was presented with the Croix de Guerre on board the French escort vessel Francis Garnier. Mr Winyard congratulated by Commodore J. H. Unwin after the presentation. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: Those who took part in the Combined Schools-Kowloon Cricket Club friendly match last Sunday, which had to be abandoned because of rain. (Staff Photographer)

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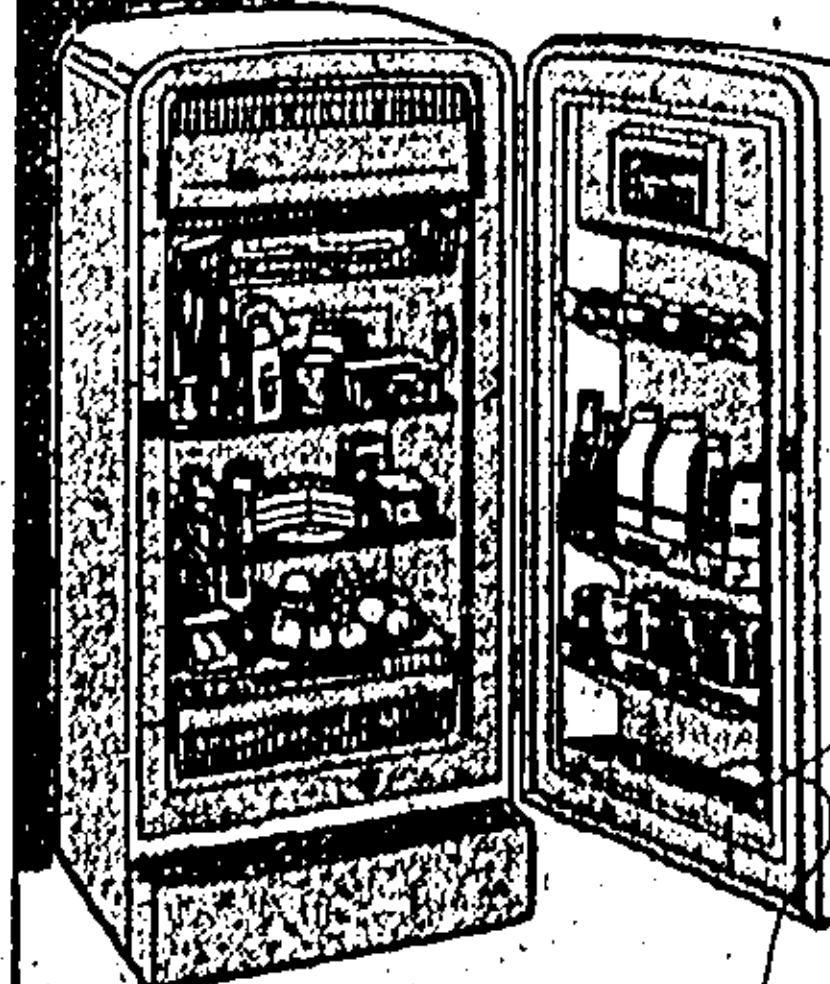


THE Society of Yorkshiramen in Hong-kong held their annual dinner dance last week in the Peninsula Hotel, preceded by a cocktail reception. Left: One of the many parties. Reading clockwise from left: Mr E. Wolstenholme, Mrs D. Howarth, F/Lt J. Thompson, Mrs M. Wolstenholme, Mr J. S. Howarth and Mrs J. Thompson. Mrs M. Allinson, President of the Society, is fourth from right in picture below of the official table. (Staff Photographer)



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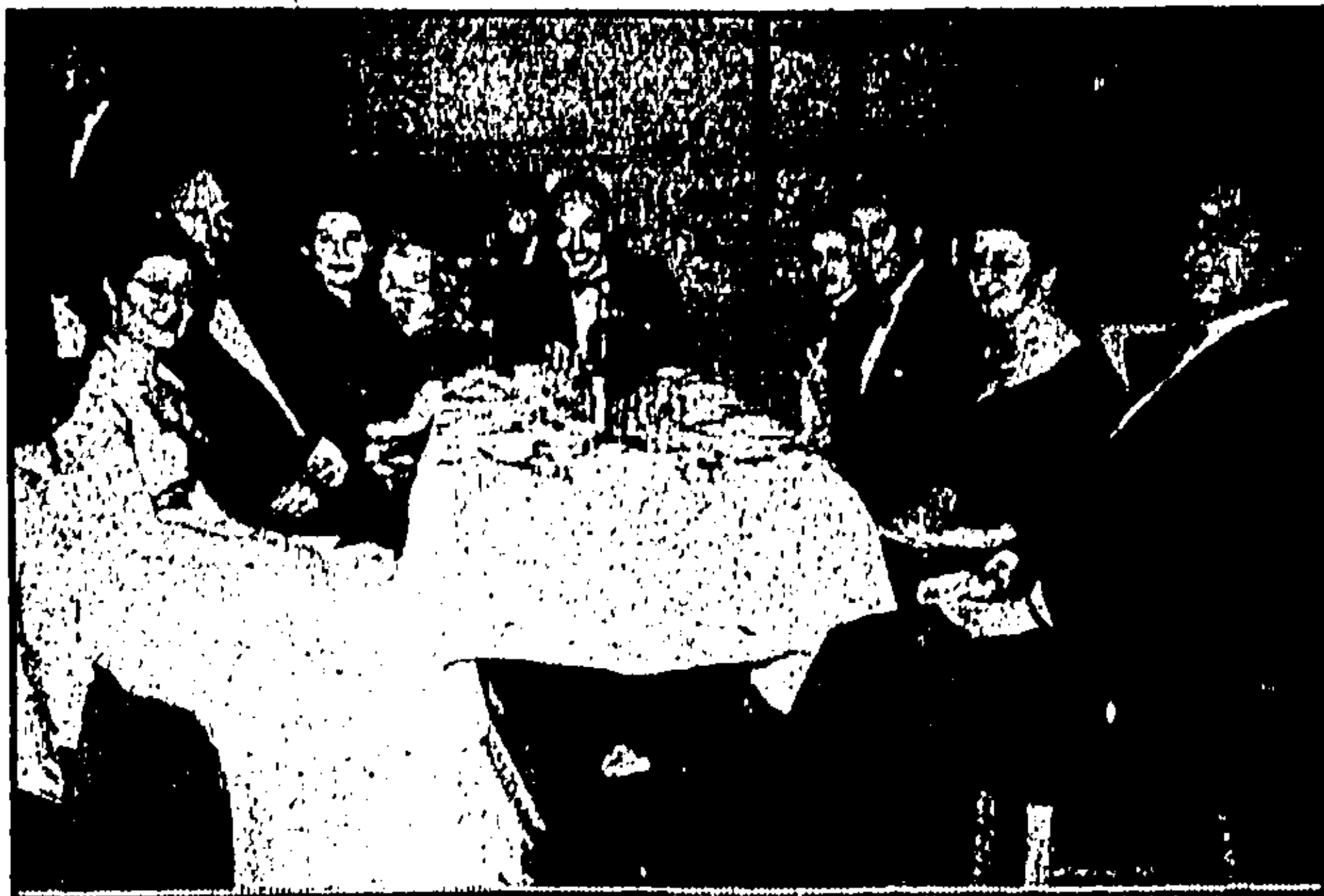
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THE dinner dance organised jointly by the Diocesan School Old Boys' Association and the Diocesan Old Girls' Association, held in the Peninsula Hotel, was highly successful. Top: Mrs Ethel Low, Capt. G. F. Doggett, Mrs Joyce Yip, Mr W. C. Low, Mrs L. C. Millington, Mr B. Golding, Mrs Jill Doggett and Mr L. C. Millington. Bottom: Mr A. D. Sinclair, Mrs Florence Yeo, Mr Fung Ping-fan and Dr the Hon. K. C. Yeo. (Staff Photographer)



THE Essex Regimental Band Choir singing Welsh songs at St David's Society Ball at the Peninsula Hotel on Thursday. (Staff Photographer)



THE team winners at the annual sports of 15 Medium Regiment, Royal Artillery — 38 (Singapore) Battery. Right: Bdr Broadhurst has an anxious moment during the Chain of Command event, also won by 38 Battery. (Staff Photographer)



PIGTAILS flying, Miss Wong Yu-lan clears the lath to win the senior girls' high jump event at the Clementi Middle School sports at Caroline Hill. Below: The inter-class champions, Junior Middle 1D. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: At the annual dance of the Hongkong Football Club. From left: Mrs Haefeli, Mr H.R. Gaston, Mrs Lamb, Mr G.E. Parrott, Mrs M. Gaston, Mr M. Haefeli, Mrs Parrott and Mr T. C. Lamb. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Friends of Mr Ramon U. Cataumber, Vice-Consul of the Philippines, who attended his birthday party.



BELOW: The Hongkong University Students' Union Council, with its President, Mr Nelson Young, seated in centre. (Ming Yuen)



MR N. V. A. Croucher (left), who laid the foundation stone of the new hospital for disabled children at Tai Hau Wan on Wednesday, presented with a silver trowel by the Hon. M. W. Turner, President of the Society for Relief of Disabled Children. (Staff Photographer)



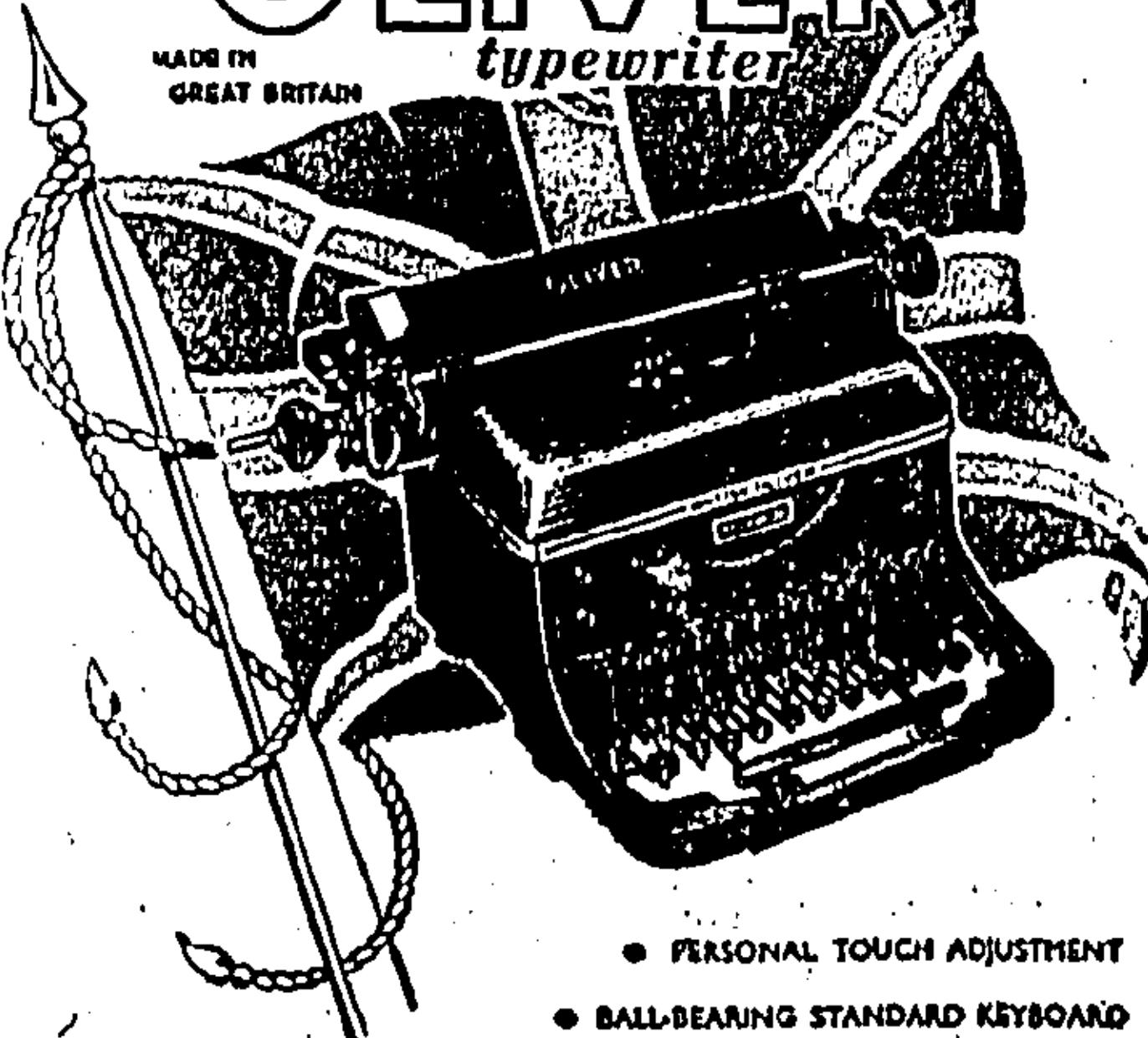
THE President of Junior Chamber International, Mr A. de O. Sales, who toured Vietnam and the Philippines recently, reporting to Hongkong pressmen on the progress of Jaycee projects in those territories. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Picture taken after the christening of Alexander, son of Mr and Mrs K. S. Kinghorn, which took place at St John's Cathedral last Saturday. (Ming Yuen)

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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



Man's T-Shirt Sweater

MATERIALS: 11 (50 gr.) balls of Penguin Alpaca 4-ply wool. 2 needles No. 11.

SIZE: To suit a chest measurement of 38 inches.

TENSION: 15 sts. and 18 rows to 2 inches.

ABBREVIATIONS: K, knit; p, purl; inc, increase; dec, decrease; st, stitch; beg, beginning; ina, inches; foll, following; rem, remaining.

STITCH: Stocking stitch, i.e. 1 row knit, 1 row purl.

MEASUREMENTS: All measurements given are on the straight.

FRONT

With size 11 needles cast on 154 sts. and work in st. When work measures 15½ ins. inc. 1 st. at each end of every 4th row 4 times, then cast on at beg. of next and foll. rows 2 sts. 4 times, 3 sts. twice, 7 sts. twice and 10 sts. twice. When work measures 18 ins. inc. 1 st. at each end of every 3rd row 19 times. At the same time, when work measures 21½ ins. divide the work in two and finish each side separately. At centre edge cast on 2 sts. for a hem and, at this edge inc. 1 st. every 4 in. 10 times. When work measures 24½ ins. cast off at outside edge 2 sts. 21 times, 3 sts. 3 times and 5 sts. once. At this point cast off at centre edge 10 sts. once, 2 sts. 4 times and 1 st. 9 times. At the same time continue to cast off at outside edge 4 sts. 11 times and 3 sts. 3 times. Work the other side to correspond.

BACK

The back is as the front including the increasing for sleeves, but do not divide the work in two. At the point where work measures 24½ ins. cast off at beg. of next and foll. rows 2 sts. 42 times, 3 sts. 6 times, 5 sts. twice, 4 sts. 20 times. At this point cast off the 8 centre sts. and finish each side separately. At centre edge cast off 5 sts. 3 times and at outside edge at the same time, 2 sts. 3 times. Work the other side to correspond.

COLLAR

Cast on 18 sts. and work in st. At right edge (right side facing) inc. 1 st. every 4th row 10 times and every 3rd row 14 times, finishing with a purl row. Leave on spare needle for time being. Work another piece in reverse. Now, with right side facing, knit across these sts. cast



BORDERS FOR SIDE OPENINGS

Cast on 16 sts. Work in st. for 2½ ins. At right edge (right side facing) cast off 2 sts. and place remaining sts on spare needle for time being. Knit another border in reverse and place this to the right of the first border making sure that the 4 cast off sts. come together in the middle. Work all along the row and cast off 2 sts. at beg.

SLEEVE BANDS

Cast on 16 sts. and work in st. for 12½ ins. Cast off and repeat.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece carefully. Seam up shoulder seams. Seam up side seams, starting 6½ ins. from the bottom. Turn up a hem, add 2 rows. Put on borders for side openings as follows: pin the right side of border to the wrong side of

of every row until all sts. are eliminated. Repeat for other side.

garment and seam, then fold border over on to right side and hem all round. Repeat for other side opening. Join the sleeve bands to form a circle, and pin to edge of sleeves, right side to right side. Seam together. Fold in half and hem down wrong side. Now fold collar in half and seam edges together. Turn back on to right side and pin to garment, right side to right side. Seam along revers and round neck. Hem down back of neck and slip-stitch edges and bottom of revers to the inside of the garment. Press the seams, borders, collar and revers.

Two-Toned Luncheon Mats

MATERIALS: Conts Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20 (20 grs) 4 Balls selected colour and 2 balls contrasting colour. Miwards Steel Crochet Hook No. 8. (Slack workers could use a No. 8½ hook and tight workers a No. 2½).

TENSION: Size of Motif — 2½ in. (6.3 cm.) square.

MEASUREMENTS: 4 x 6 motifs — Centrepiece — 10 in. x 15 in. (25.4 cm x 38.1 cm.). 4 x 5 motifs — Place Mat — 10 in. x 12½ in. (25.4 cm. x 31.8 cm.).

ABBREVIATIONS: Ch — chain; ss — slipstitch; dc — double crochet; hlf tr — half treble; tr — treble; dbl tr — double treble; sp — space; st — stitch.

FIRST MOTIF

With selected colour commence with 5 ch, join with a ss to form a ring.

1st Row: 3 ch, 19 tr into ring, 1 ss into 3rd of 3 ch.

2nd Row: 5 ch, * 1 tr into next tr, 2 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 3rd of 5 ch (20 sps). Fasten off.

3rd Row: Attach contrasting colour to first sp, 4 ch, 2 dbl tr into same sp leaving the last loop of each on hook, thread over and draw through all loops on hook (a cluster made). * 3 ch, 1 dbl tr into next sp, 3 ch, a 3 dbl tr cluster into next sp; repeat from * ending with 3 ch, 1 dbl tr into next sp, 3 ch, 1 ss into top of first cluster. Fasten off.

4th Row: Attach selected colour to first sp, 4 ch, 2 dbl tr 3 ch and 3 dbl tr into same sp (corner formed). * 3 tr into next sp, 1 hlf tr 2 dc into next sp, 2 dc 1 hlf tr into next sp, 3 tr into next sp, 3 dbl tr 3 ch and 3 dbl tr into next sp (another corner formed). Repeat from * twice more, 3 tr into next sp, 1 hlf tr 2 dc into next sp, 2 dc 1 hlf tr into next sp, 3 tr into next sp, 1 ss into 4th of 4 ch.

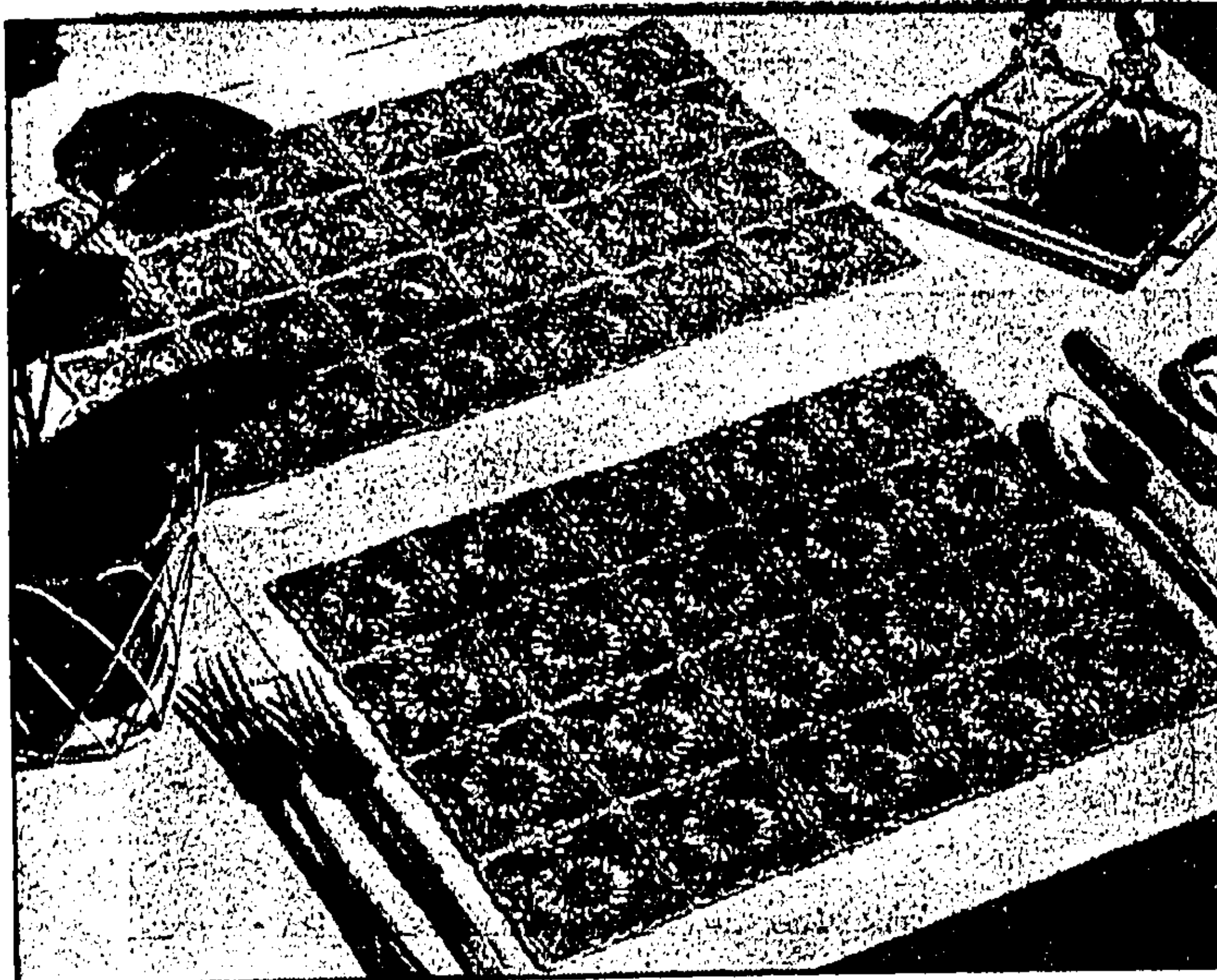
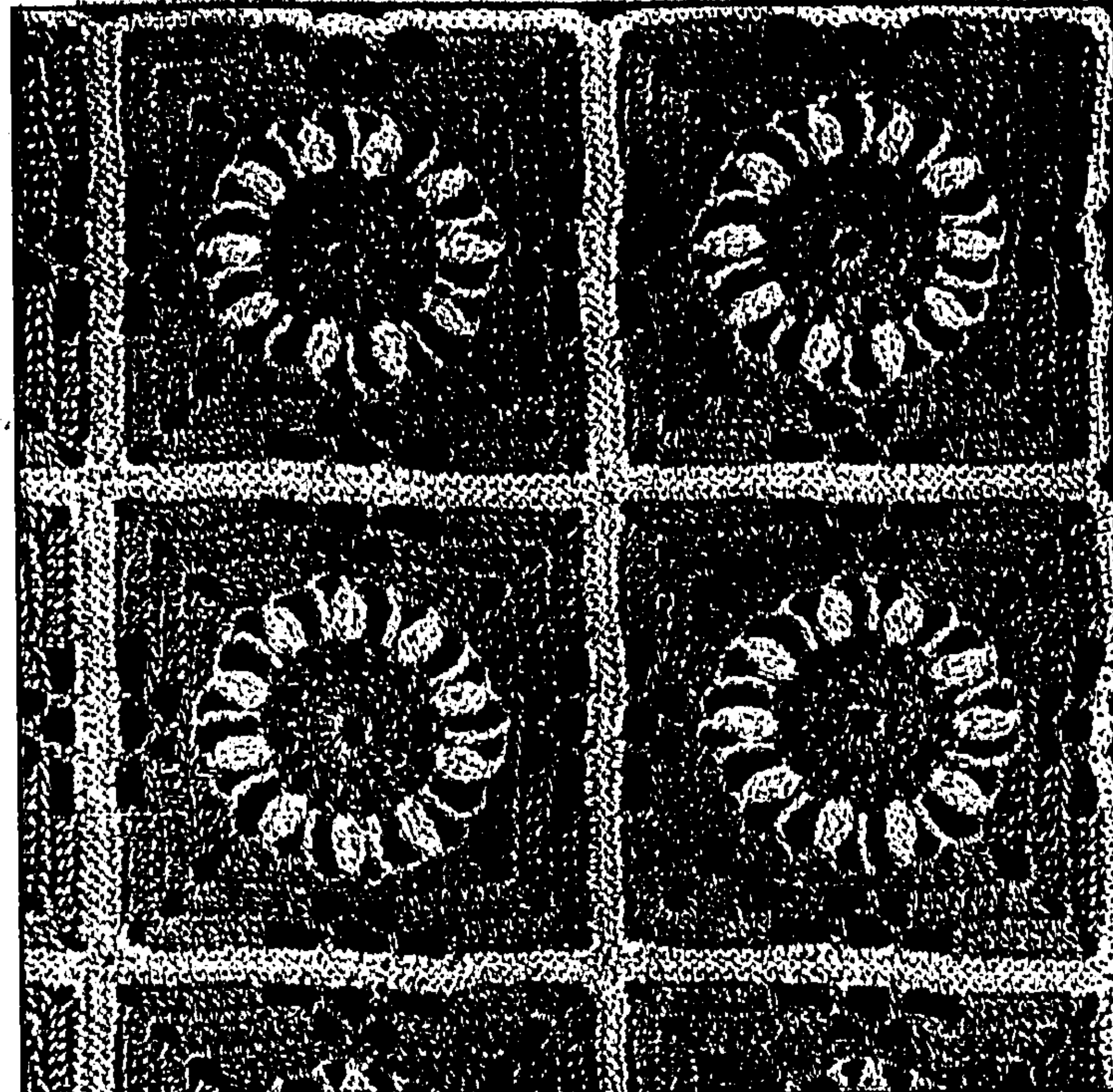
5th Row: 3 ch, 1 tr into each of next 2 dbl tr, * 3 tr 3 ch and 3 tr into next corner sp, 1 tr into each of next 6 sts, 3 ch, miss next 3 sts, 1 dc into next st, 3 ch, miss 2 sts, 1 tr into each of next 6 sts; repeat from * omitting 3 tr at end of last repeat, 1 ss into 3rd of 3 ch. Fasten off.

6th Row: 3 ch, 1 tr into each of next 6 tr, * 3 tr 3 ch and 3 tr into next corner sp, 1 tr into each of next 6 sts, 3 ch, miss next 3 sts, 1 dc into next st, 3 ch, miss 2 sts, 1 tr into each of next 6 sts; repeat from * omitting 3 tr at end of last repeat, 1 ss into 3rd of 3 ch. Fasten off.

Centre-piece—Make 4 rows of 5 motifs.

Place Mat—Make 4 rows of 5 motifs.

Sew motifs neatly together. Dump and pin out to measurements.



Helen Burke Prepares Three Delicious Soups And Finds

A NEW WORD FOR BORSCH — SCRUMBUMPTIOUS!

JIMMY JEWEL and Ben Warriss are working in one of the coldest spots in London — Wembley skating rink. So I thought they would enjoy some really warming soup.

"Scrumbumptious!" said Jimmy when I slipped my borsch, Polish style.

Ben went into details about a borsch he had enjoyed in Budapest.

Jimmy took sour cream with his borsch, but not Ben.

"Did you take sour cream in Budapest?" I asked.

"Not me," he said.

"You like beetroot soup?" I asked Jimmy.

"Me? No-o-o. I don't like beetroot at all."

"Well," I said, "that's what you've had. Borsch is beetroot soup."

BEN SPECIAL

He couldn't believe it, though I do not know what else could have given it the warm rose tinge.

Said Ben, "I make soup, but it's my own special. I'm very simple. I just boil together onions, turnips, swedes, carrots, dumplings and then add a meat cube. I guess I'm a bit common, but it tastes good to me."

"I love soup," said Jimmy. "My wife makes the best Scotch broth. And you should taste her own chicken noodle soup!"

As Jimmy and Ben were supposed to come to visit me, I had prepared three soups — Beetroot, Mussel and Bouillabaisse — but we muffed the appointment, so I went to them. During the bitterly cold journey, the pot of borsch on my knees was very comforting.

There are as many versions of borsch as there are of mince. The one I made was simple.

Start with two not-too-thick leeks, cut into thin rings, 2 chopped onions, 2 thinly sliced carrots, 2 stalks of celery cut in match sticks. Warm them together in 2 tablespoons butter over a very modest heat, shaking them to coat them with the fat and to encourage the essences of the vegetables to come out. When well softened and, if you like, a spoonful of plain flour and work it well in, then add 1 pint shin beef stock. Cover and cook until the vegetables are ready.

CREAM ON TOP

Next, add the deep ruby liquid from a large tin of whole baby beetroot (not the pale ones). A tablespoon of wine vinegar, a cube of sugar, 2 to 3 thinly sliced inner leaves of cabbage, and pepper and salt to taste. (I do not use coarse rock salt in this soup because I find it tends to bleach the colour.) When the cabbage is cooked, add as much finely shredded beetroot as desired. Heat through and the soup is ready. Top each serving with a good teaspoon of soured double cream. It sour cream is unavailable, use fresh cream; when it is about half whipped squeeze in a little lemon juice and whip again until it is firm enough barely to hold its shape.

To serve with the soup, I prepared Melba toast. Here is the easiest way I know: Very quickly toast ready-sliced bread. Cut it through with a very sharp knife to make two slices each. Place them, cut sides up, under the grill and dry them out. You then have perfectly curled Melba toast. Not much trouble—but how few places, these days, bother to serve it!

MUSSEL SOUP

Quickest cream soup I know is cream of mussel. It is far better flavoured than oyster or any other shellfish soup. Once the mussels are well scrubbed, I can make it in well under 30 minutes. Make the white sauce first. Gently cook 100g plain flour in

1oz. butter, without colouring it. Remove from the heat and add 1 pint milk. Bring to the boil, whisking well, then simmer gently while preparing the mussels.

Chop a leek and a small onion. Add several stalks of parsley and, if you have it, a good clear glass of dry white wine, though dry cider will do quite well. Add, too, a good few turns of the pepper mill, but no salt. Bring to a furious boil and, for four to five good helpings, add 2 quarts of scrubbed mussels. Cover tightly and boil hard for 3 minutes. Strain the stock into a jug. Take the mussels from their shells and remove the black stems and any weed still remaining. Whisk the stock into the sauce, pouring it carefully from the jug so as to leave any sediment behind. If necessary, add enough water to thin down the soup and make it supply enough for four to five. Taste, and, if required, add a little salt.

Add the mussels and heat through but do not boil under any circumstances. Finally, add two tablespoons cream, or a nice piece of unsalted butter, and a tablespoon of chopped parsley, and the soup is ready.

BOUILLABaisse

Bouillabaisse is listed as a soup but, in reality, it is a glorious fish stew. I know that because I have made it many times. It is a classic dish of the Mediterranean, but that should not stop us making something as near as possible to the classic dish.

Here is an adaptation of a recipe given to me by a chef on the Cote d'Azur. For 4 to 5 servings, chop a Spanish onion and slice the white parts of 2 slender leeks. Slowly cook them in a tablespoon of olive oil. Add 3 to 5 very finely chopped cloves of garlic, a tablespoon of finely sliced lemon, 2 chopped, skinned and deseeded lemons, a bouquet garni, 1 pint unsalted dry white wine, 1½

pints hot water, two good pinches of saffron, rock salt and freshly milled pepper to taste. To the above, my chef made a fish stock by adding the heads and tails of several Mediterranean fish. I use those of red mullet and gurnet, together with a whole small mackerel and a whole whiting. Simmer them in a soft, then rub through a sieve.

To this stock I add 1½ sliced small conger eel, the best parts of the red mullet and gurnet and four prawns. Cut into rounds, and simmer them just enough to cook them. This is a fascinating good stew and worth while giving a trial.

Scrumbumptious! WORLD COPYRIGHT RESERVED London Express Service.

MAKE THE TEENAGER'S ROOM A PLACE TO GROW UP IN

By ELEANOR ROSS

ONE way to keep a teenage girl happy is to give her a room of her own, if it is at all possible, and to give it a living-room look. Then it becomes her sanctuary, study, lounge, where she can be alone with her dreams as well as with her activities. When it has a living-room look, it also is a delightful place for entertaining her friends, as well as the ideal retreat for study or just for quiet relaxation. Growing high school is a growing-up time, the transition from "child" to "young lady" should be reflected in her living quarters. Most budgets have

days don't allow for refurnishing overnight, but mother and daughters should make a long-range plan for piece-by-piece buying. With wise selection, the room should still be suitable when she steps out into the colour world.

By selecting good quality and attractive furnishings during her school days, the teen-ager will find she has a wonderful home which she can set up when she steps out into the colour world. Thrifty originality should not be substituted for furniture devoid of character and whatever good ideas are current. Clean, pleasing lines and good construction will stay fashion-able and give wonderful service.

A day bed is always right, but even smarter is the convertible sofa. If a real living room look is desired, there are many examples, many styles, most of them excellent. The new convertibles come in a variety of beautiful coverings so that it should be easy to work out any type of colour scheme.

Provide a good table for study. If space is restricted, choose a folding or a drop leaf style. A small desk is an incentive for letter writing and for keeping personal papers in proper order. Make sure that study and reading lamps are properly placed. A mirrored shelf or two for holding those precious souvenirs of a standard equipment of a teen-ager's daughter would know that during it is a job.

Baby And The Birthmark

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

OVERHEARD on the bus:

"Oh, yes, the poor child has a birthmark on her face—one of those with hair all over it."

"Like a mouse, you mean?"

"That's it—it's called a mouse, too. Her mother marked her."

★

"You mean a mouse frightened her mother while she was carrying the baby? That happened to my sister, only it was a spider."

"And the baby had a mark? where?"

"Right on her face, too—and just exactly like a red spider."

"The doctors will tell you that marking has nothing to do with it at all."

"Oh, sure they will. But if it hasn't let them explain why it happens so often. That's what I want to hear."

Well, ladies, the Romans had a phrase, "post hoc, ergo propter hoc," which being roughly translated, refers to two events which followed in sequence, the second being the direct result of the first. When a pregnant woman saw a frightening object, like a mouse or spider, and her baby had a birthmark, people put one and one together and made—two. Actually the two had no connection.

To show the absurdity of reasoning that mere sequence implies cause, one physician nodded gravely when a pregnant woman expressed her fear that having been bitten, not merely frightened, by a dog, she would surely "mark" her baby. "Yes," he said, "I know an instance where a very modest lady accidentally came upon a swimming hole where she saw a number of men without bathing suits. And her baby was born without any clothes on!"

There is serious science to refute the idea that babies can be marked by maternal experiences, either frightening or joyful. Birthmarks are well formed early in the baby's development, and there are many instances of recent white the supposed experience occurred long after the mark had already been developed. The laws of coincidence and the common occurrence of

birthmarks make it a virtual certainty that almost any birthmark can be related to some experience during pregnancy. There is no direct connection between the nervous system of the mother and that of the baby, and this makes "marking" an impossibility.

There are only three kinds of prenatal "influence" which the mother can transmit to her baby—nutritional, immunisational and perhaps hormonal. The mother's food obviously feeds the baby, and if she eats wisely he will be well-nourished. The immunity she has acquired against disease by contact or by recovery, is likewise transmitted temporarily to the baby through her blood. And there is recent evidence that if she keeps her endocrine gland system in a turmoil through fretting, worrying, entertaining fears or resentments, she may by hormonal transmission through the placenta cause her baby to be emotionally disturbed.

★

But birthmarks? NO.

Birthmarks need no longer be tolerated to nearly the extent formerly necessary. Even the "port-wine mark," formerly so resistant to treatment, now yields in many instances to new methods. These include now drugs, minor surgical methods such as skin planing, major plastic surgery in selected instances, and X-ray or other source of radiation.

Cosmetics, too, may be used to conceal conditions which cannot be remedied. These are not ordinary cosmetics, but special preparations allied to but not the same as stage make-up. Appearance has much to do with morale and morale in turn with health. People who try to make a good appearance are not vain and silly. Unless they overdo it, they are profoundly

POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

"Maudie! If that's the one about Poppy Wensleydale and the Turkish bath attendant, it's secret and limited, not just discreet!"

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

HE JUST MAKES IT Regimental Sergeant - Major Henry Burden, of the Royal Artillery, who has been in the Army more than 30 years. In that time he has seen many changes, including a number of pay rises, and he is staying long enough to benefit from the newest rates which come into force on April 1—but only just. He retires on April 8 and is glad it is not a week earlier.

He says: "I shall get a week's pay at £14. 14s., instead of £11. 4s.; an increase of about £3.00 on my terminal grant, making it more than

£500; and a pension of about £4. 14s. a week—an increase of £1." RSM Burden, who enlisted as a boy in 1925, has been in the Royal Artillery throughout his services, and knows most of the old Army stations in the East. During the last war he served in Burma, France and Germany. He will be 40 the day after he retires.

ALL OVER AGAIN Charles Tomlin, 65-year-old stonemason, has one of those never-ending jobs. He is responsible for maintaining the stonework of historic Kenilworth Castle, Warwickshire, in good condition, and when he has been all the way round it is time to go back and begin.

He has been doing that for 27 years on behalf of the Ministry of Works, but now his service in helping to preserve one of Britain's most ancient monuments has been recognised by the award of the Imperial Service Medal.

Mr Tomlin has been employed continuously at the 800-year-old castle since 1929, apart from some temporary transfers to other ancient monuments.

Every year thousands of visitors from all over the world go to the castle, which was once a royal residence. It was here that the first Queen Elizabeth was often entertained by Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, in the latter part of the 16th century.

MILK DRINKING Much of the milk delivered to Britain's doors steps goes into cups of tea, and people in the South seem to use more milk than Northerners. These are two of the conclusions drawn from a survey of milk sales in nine British towns carried out last May for the Milk Marketing Board.

The Survey, just published, shows that 40 percent of milk bought by the families of Britain was used in beverages, mainly tea. Eighteen percent was drunk as plain milk, 10 percent used in cooking, 12 percent in milk drinks, mainly coffee and cocoa, and 11 percent taken with breakfast cereals.

During the Survey, 3,524 households, chosen in the Greater London area and in five provincial cities—Cardiff, Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds and Newcastle-upon-Tyne—were questioned.

Children between five and 15 years (as opposed to infants) did not drink any more milk at home than adults. But they took more with breakfast foods. The Survey indicates that expense and dislike of the taste were the two main reasons why people do not drink plain milk.

The average consumption of milk in England and Wales is 4.9 pints per head a week. The average for the towns in the Survey was 4.6 pints a week. The difference was expected because no account was taken of the large quantity drunk in schools, canteens, restaurants, hotels and hospitals.

GALLEY AS A CHURCH A cook's galley, all that remains of a Royal Navy shore base, is to be converted into a church at Marina Clara in Havant, Hampshire. The base was used during the war, but now all its buildings have been pulled down, except the galley. The cost of turning it into a church is estimated at £1,000.

The building has been used as a Sunday school for some time. In its new form it will be a church or one place and a recreation hall on the other.

FASHION IN NAMES Susan was the most popular name for girls christened in the Isle of Wight during 1955, and Stephen for boys, an analysis of birth announcements reveals. Next in favour for the girls were Linda and Jane; John, David and Michael were high on the boys' list.

Names with royal associations were not as popular as might have been expected. There were only two Charles, six Annes, four Phillips and four Elizabeths. No baby was christened Henry, Walter, Mary or Victoria—names popular a generation ago.

YEAR'S A FREE PINT OF BEER every Sunday for a year, a bull calf, 1,000 bricks, a load of manure and a barrel of oysters are among gifts promised for an auction on behalf of appeals for Peterborough Cathedral and local boys' clubs to be held at the end of March.

A wide variety of gifts have been contributed. They include tickets for a London theatre, free haircuts for a year, an agricultural roller, kitchen sinks, steak lunchboxes and six months' music lessons.

The real-life mystery
of 'Elizabeth Denham'

A real-life detective story by Nancy Spain

WHO is Elizabeth Denham? She was probably attached to Naval Intelligence during the war. Her publishers chose her name because it matched her personality, and came "trippingly" off the tongue.

She has been decorated with the Legion of Honour. She has two children, one of whom is at Eton. She was involved in a divorce case a year ago, and does not want the details "all brought up again."

She has just suffered a very grave operation, and while she was convalescing wrote this book, **I LOOKED RIGHT** (Cassell, 12s. 6d.), the fascinating story of a terrified Lady Spy which is making headlines.

She has just rung off from a long-distance telephone call to Italy, where she is on holiday. "We are snowed out," she told me.

Her book tells how, a British agent in spite of herself, she went back to France to guide the BEF in its miraculous retreat to Dunkirk.

After this she was sent to assist the Maquis in all things, the use of explosives, "Explosives," commented Elizabeth, who even "lets off fireworks with respect."

UNFORGETTABLE Episode after episode they read like a glorious new novel by Ian Fleming or Sapper, encounter after encounter (there is one marvellous, indomitable old American lady whom I shall never forget, "Elizabeth Denham" builds up an unforgettable picture of the dissembling, disintegrating, dreamlike life of a spy).

More than any narrator I have encountered she seems to tell the truth. For her reactions to danger and violence and brutality really are the reactions of a nice, normal, nervous, friendly, well-educated Englishwoman. And what does she worry about every time she comes back from her terrible experiences in France?

Why, how she will explain her endless week-ends away from home to Nannie, What will she say, for example, about her bandaged feet, hideously blistered by her long trek across France? She explained them away with a "story of an infectious skin complaint, which made Nannie treat me like a leper, even to putting disinfectant in my bath!"

THE DOUBTERS I asked "Elizabeth Denham" about Nannie and what had become of her. "She was pensioned off," she said, laughing. "I must say, if there is one person I would like to meet more than 'Elizabeth Denham' herself it is Nannie. Nannie, who frightened this incredible woman more than the whole Gestapo."

Inevitably when a book like this appears, people cast doubts on its truth. The Secret Service say they have never heard of her. "Naturally not," says "Elizabeth Denham." "I wasn't attached to them." Military Intelligence say she is a phoney. "Well, I had nothing to do with them either." Naval Intelligence? "I queried, and there was the dead silence of assent."

I ASK YOU As the waves of sound came and went on the telephone to Milan I asked this woman who hates publicity so much, who won't have her photograph taken, if I could have her number so that I might ring her back.

"Of course," she said. And she gave me a telephone number. "We shall be here all the week-end."

Well, now I ask you. Does that sound like someone who isn't telling the truth?

MARIE STOPES AND SLEEP

Love and Marriage are my favourite topics of conversation. So, of course, are they the favourites of Joan Regan, Alma Cogan, and (I thought) Dr Marie Stopes.

But that was before I read her book **SLEEP** (Chatto and Windus, 10s.).

How astonishing it is, after 50 years of battle, to find the old girl (now in her seventies), tackling a subject so mild.

But, believe me, Dr Marie has even succeeded in finding mattresses controversial.

The fumes given off by "gaily coloured hot-water bottles" give Dr Marie "cramps in the legs."

Soft foam rubber mattresses are "pernicious." But why? "Because rubber is an insulator, and cuts you off from the electric currents of the earth."

YOUR BED

What else? Well, a bed of your own for a start. And a silk - worn silk - nightgown. (Pyjamas are pernicious.) And married people should not share a room. Then you should sleep head towards magnetic north, in a dark room.

You should have two pillows, one sheet, one eiderdown.

On a really cold night you may put a blanket on top of the eiderdown, not under it. (Why on earth, you ask? Well, it's lighter and warmer.)

After this, alas, there are lots of things that can go wrong. Indigestion, constipation, lack of exercise, pain. All these things can rob you of sleep.

Or your thoughts. Oh dear me, yes. Grief. Worry. Fear. Obsession with sin. To say nothing of Reading in Bed. This is the worst thing of the lot.

AND MINE

Far be it from me, in my thirties, to attempt a wrangle with Dr Marie. (I admire her far too much for that.) But my bed goes east and west and shuns the magnetic north. It is loaded with the thickest blankets I can find.

I read every night in bed (otherwise I'd never get this written). I am full of grief, worry, and work thoughts and I wear pernicious pyjamas. I don't take any exercise at all and whenever I can I have a coloured hot-water bottle.

So why, why, why, Doctor Marie, dear, do I sleep like a new-born baby?

Is it possible that you, who talk such a lot of common sense about everything else, are just a teeny bit of a crank about sleep?

WHAT BECAME OF LOUIS BROMFIELD?

HE hasn't written a novel since 1944, when we all read "That became of Anna Bolton." Indeed, people like me, who had also enjoyed "The Green Bay Tree" and "The Rains Came," often asked tediously what became of Louis Bromfield, writer of silex, corn-fed fiction?

At last here is my answer, in a big thick book **FROM MY EXPERIENCE**, The Pleasures and Miseries of Life on a Farm (Cassell, 21s.).

Fifteen years ago, it seems, 59-year-old 6ft. 2in. Bromfield, who got £30,000 for the film right of "The Rains Came," got tea up. He was particularly fed up with writing fiction, which seemed to him a "silly" occupation, and with the critics, who seemed "one degree sillier."

This isn't surprising. One critic said Bromfield had ceased to be second rate and had, "by unremarking industry," become fourth rate.

So Bromfield bought four farms in Ohio and reared. His aspiration was Albert Schweitzer. Like Schweitzer, he decided that all life (including plants and animals) would be sacred to him.

So Bromfield went to his Pleasant Valley, "ravaged by cruel and careless treatment." There were starving sheep on wasted farms, woods "brutally murdered" by "timber speculators."

Bromfield rescued them. What an inspiring story! It always makes when a worldly man forsakes sophistication, embraces nature, and makes the wilderness blossom like a rose. But don't let's forget that it was the £30,000 wrung from the "silly" art of fiction that enabled Old Farmer Bromfield to buy those four farms.

SENTIMENTAL

ONE more book about a tiger. We had John Masters a little while ago, remember? Now here is David Walker, forsaking the gay highland fling he dined on with "Daisy" and "George" to go all mystical and Indian with **HARRY BLACK** (Collins, 12s. 6d.).

Harry Black is a tea planter who has been a prisoner of war and an unsuccessful husband. Also, he is cool about covering his neighbour's wife. Then a man-eating tiger turns up in the district. Harry goes in, and he hunts not only the tiger, but the integrity of Harry Black.

He succeeds and decides to give up his neighbour's wife. Whenever David Walker writes about jungles, tigers, and hunting the story is good. But over his heroine he is mad-doggingly sentimental.

Reading this book I couldn't help remembering that David Walker was once ADC to John Buchan, who created the most insipid heroines in all fiction.

Beanstalk
Of Mustard
Cottage

THE story of Jack and Beanstalk takes a humble second place among the children of Binfield Heath, near Henley, to the tale of the Peculiar Beanstalk in Mustard Cottage. For this is fact—not fantasy.

Mustard Cottage is the home of Mrs Sarah Webb. Last August she decided to store broad beans in a basket in her larder.

She forgot about them for many weeks. Then, in November, when she went to look at them, every bean had disappeared. A thorough search revealed nothing.

Recently Mrs Webb tripped over a lump beneath the mat in the kitchen. She found that two bricks in the floor had been pushed up. Mrs Webb and her neighbours were mystified.

Entire men explored beneath the floor—and found a beanstalk 2ft. high, surrounded by a pile of sprouting beans.

Mrs Webb's beans, they decided, had been carried away by field mice—down through a small tunnel beneath the foundations of the cottage . . . and planted under the kitchen floor.

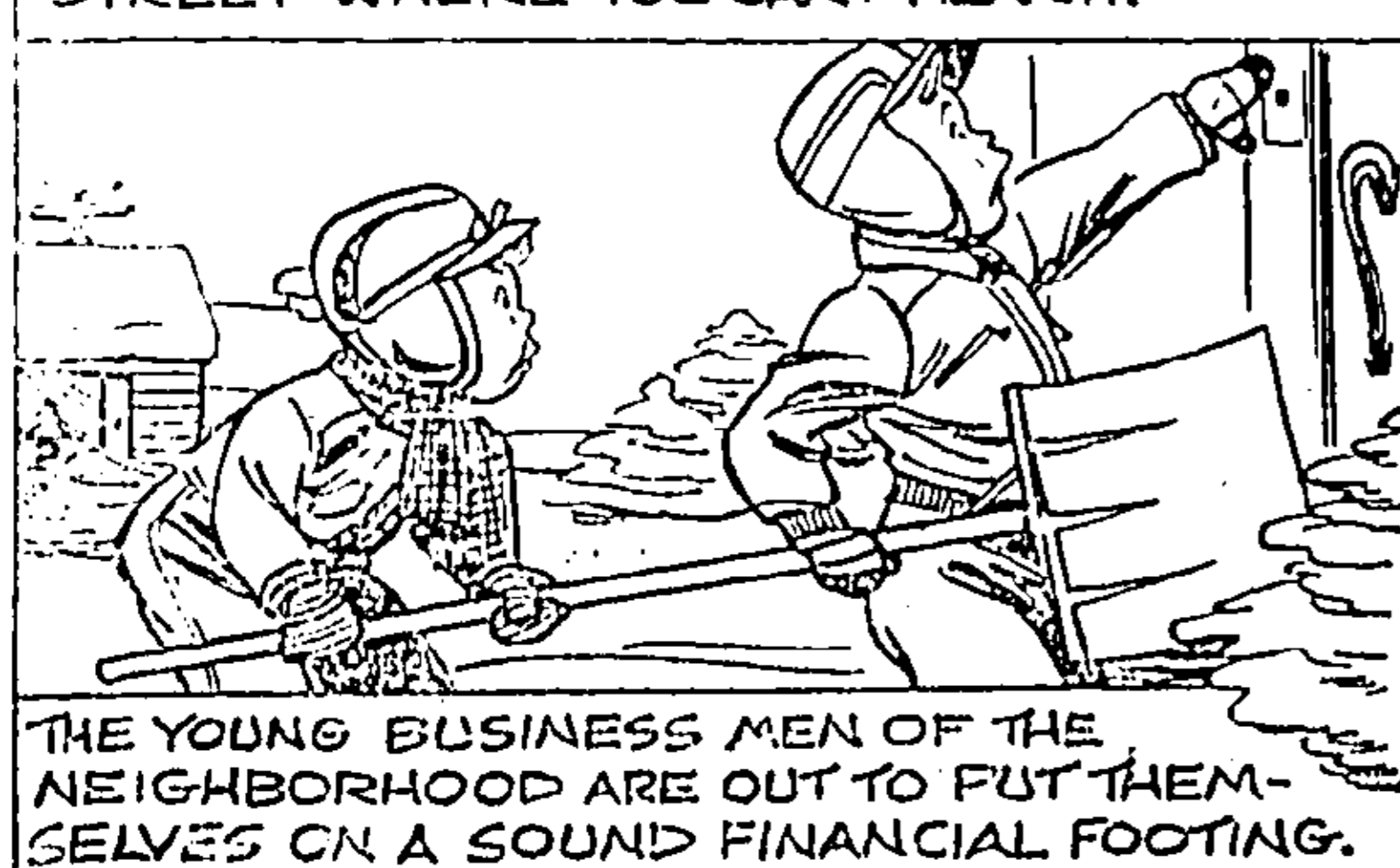
VIGNETTES OF LIFE

The Beautiful Snow

BY HARRY WEINERT



IF YOU HEAR A MUFFLED VOICE MUTTERING "DID YOU PUT ANTI-FREEZE IN THE CAR? DID YOU BUY A SNOW SHOVEL? ARE YOU SURE YOU PUT AWAY ALL THE LAWN FURNITURE?"—YOU BETTER GO INTO THE NEXT STREET WHERE YOU CAN'T HEAR IT.



THE YOUNG BUSINESS MEN OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD ARE OUT TO PUT THEMSELVES ON A SOUND FINANCIAL FOOTING.



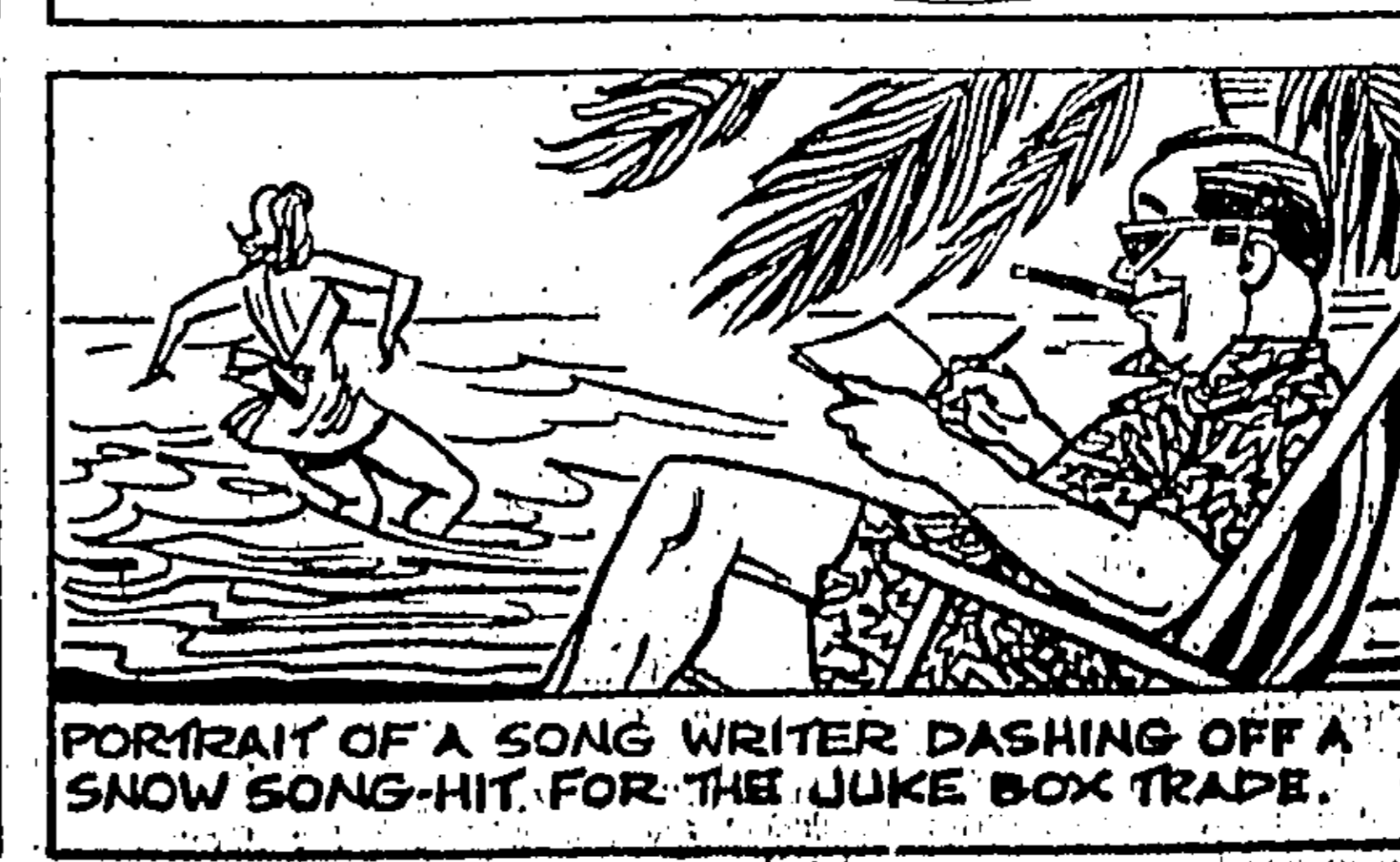
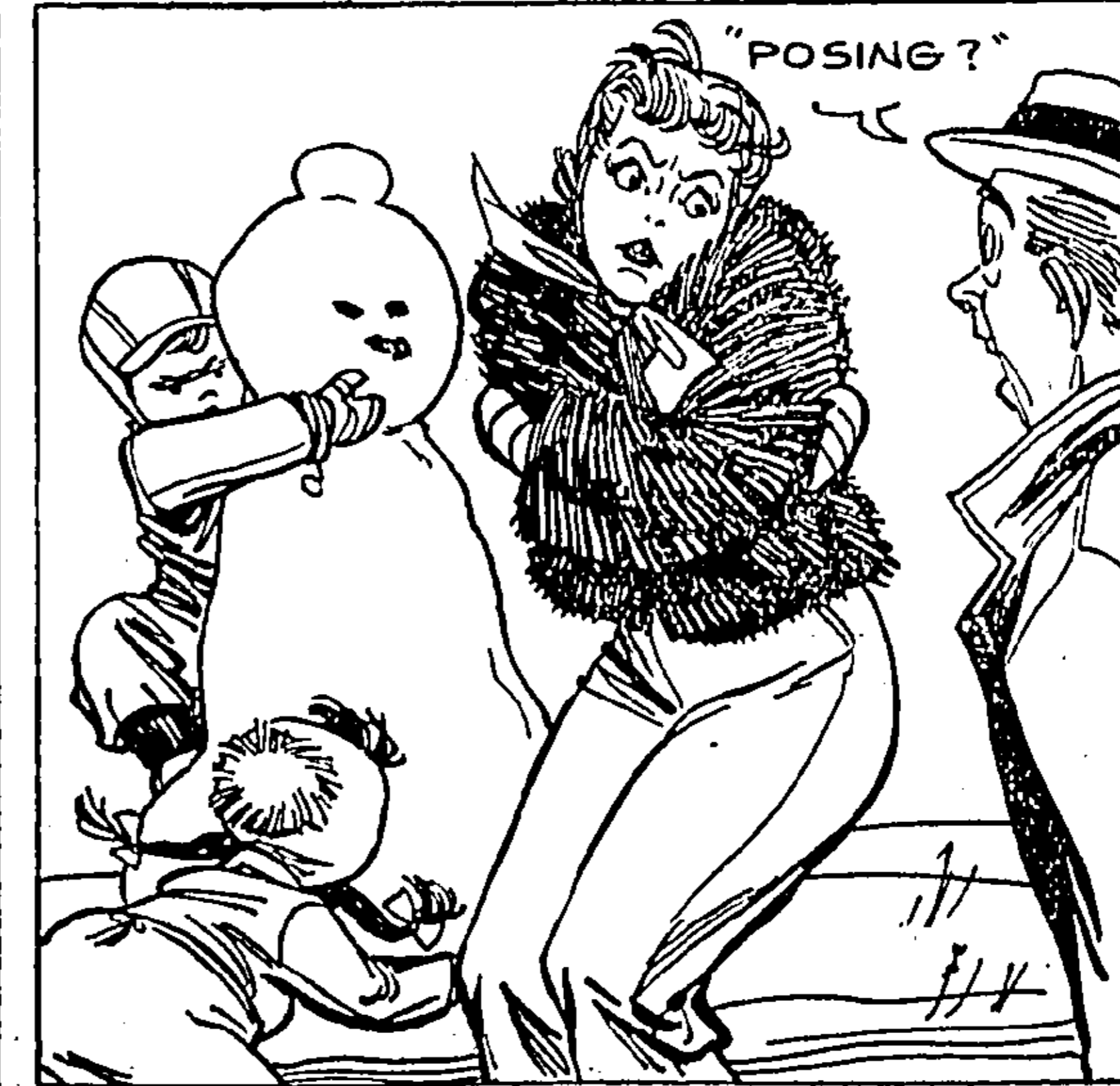
THROW AWAY THE OLD SHOVEL—AND USE YOUR HEAD



THEY CALL THIS SNOW / WHY, I REMEMBER...



ALL IT TAKES IS ENOUGH SNOW TO ICE A THREE-LAYER CAKE.



ALL IT TAKES IS ENOUGH SNOW TO ICE A THREE-LAYER CAKE.

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail — A "China Mail" Feature

Hongkong's Festival Of The Arts Starts Today

URBAN COUNCIL ELECTIONS

This morning at eleven o'clock, Lady Grantham officially opened the 1956 Hongkong Festival of Arts, in a ceremony at the Festival Centre on the Central Reclamation. This is Hongkong's second annual Arts Festival and the scope of this year's offerings is very much greater than last year.

The Opening Ceremony this morning was recorded by Radio Hongkong, and this evening, at 7.09, listeners can hear extracts from Lady Grantham's address, and an introduction by Miss Tomblin and Mr K. Watson — both officials of the Festival Committee.

During the Festival, Radio Hongkong will be broadcasting reports on activities, and will be relaying outstanding musical events. As its own special contribution to the Festival, the English station of Radio Hongkong will be presenting "Lady Precious Stream" — a translation by Dr S. I. Hsiung of a classical Chinese play, adapted for radio, and produced by David Little.

The cast is drawn from members of the dramatic societies in Hongkong, and the specially written incidental music by William Ima of Radio Hongkong has been recorded in Hongkong by the Hongkong Concert Orchestras.

In this, the first week of the Festival, Radio Hongkong has chosen for its "Wednesday Theatre" one of the best plays in the English language, "Everyman", the 15th century morality play. The script of "Everyman" was rediscovered in the mid-18th century, but it was not until 1901, when William Ima, a member of the Elizabethan stage, tried the experiment in London.

Telling "How the High Father of Heaven sendeth Death to summon every creature to come and give account of their lives in this world," it is the story of Everyman's, and any man's, journey to the grave. The play has been produced for the BBC by Basil Taylor.

Urban Council Elections

There are still four candidates to broadcast their Election Day on Wednesday. They are Dr. W. Pak-foo, and Mr. Jack Grantham, both of the Civic Association, who will speak at 7.09 and 7.15 respectively, on Monday evening; and then on Tuesday evening, the last two broadcasts will be given by Mr. Victor Mamak of the Civic Association at 7.09, and Mr. Philip Au of the Reform Club at 7.15 p.m.

On Election Day itself, voting will begin at 8 a.m., at centres in Victoria and Kowloon, and will end at 8 p.m. Counting will be done in the Council Chamber, Colonial Secretariat, and if the result of the Election is known before Radio Hongkong closes down on Wednesday, it is hoped that interviews with the successful candidates will be broadcast.

Motor Magazine
This month the programme includes a Road Test on two Mark VII Jaguars, one brand new and one five years old; an interview with the winners of this year's AA rally, Alastair Stewart and Syd Allen; another session with the Brains Trust and the latest despatch from the editor's European correspondent, Denis Smith of "The Motor".

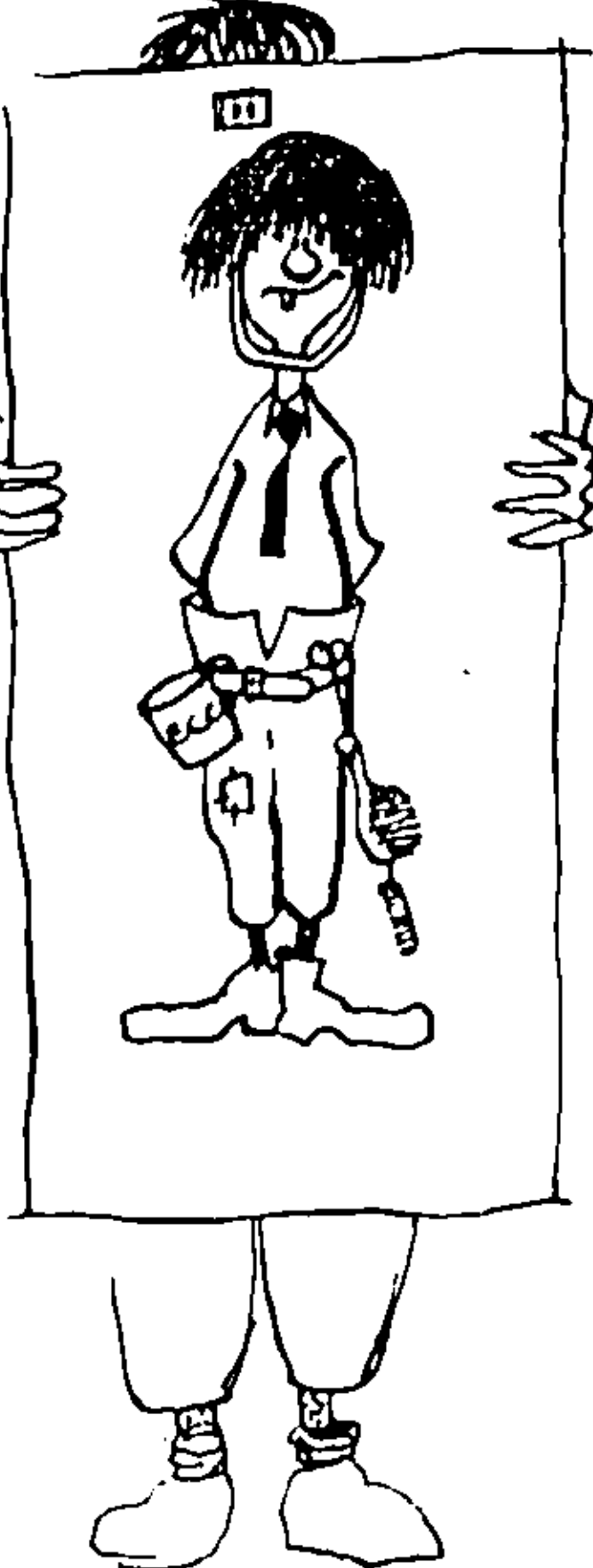
This month Benstead-Smith went to Goodwood to watch Stirling Moss put the Aston Martin DB3S, and to Kent to watch "The Cat Eyes Rally". "Motor Magazine", which is on the air at 8.30 on Tuesday.

Annual Report

The Hongkong Annual Report for 1955 has just been published. It is compiled from reports from all government departments, and is edited by an officer in the Secretariat. A review of the 1955 Hongkong Annual Report will be broadcast by Donald Gould on Wednesday evening, after the news, at 7.09.

Sports

Racing: The Cheltenham Gold Cup, the outstanding steeplechase of the National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham this week, is due to be run on Thursday. This meeting has had to be postponed several times since the war owing to hard weather in early March but, if it takes place as planned this year, Raymond Glendinning and Michael O'Hair will be there to broadcast a commentary on the Cheltenham Gold Cup, which will be broadcast from the BBC by Radio Hongkong at 11.10 on Wednesday evening.



Spike Milligan with his drawing of 'E.C.C.E.S.' 'The Goon Show' can be heard from Radio Hongkong tonight at 8.30, and there will be a repeat broadcast on Monday evening at half past ten.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 800 kilocycles per second).

Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 p.m. MUSICAL SCRAPBOOK.
1.00 p.m. TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS.
1.05 p.m. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.10 LESLIE BRIDGEWATER AND THE WESTMINSTER LIGHT ORCHESTRA.
1.15 FORCES' CHOICE.
1.20 HOSPITAL REQUESTS.
1.25 PRESENTED BY DIANA.

1.30 "A LIFE OF BLISS"—WRITTEN BY GODFREY HARRISON.
1.35 PRESENTED BY DIANA.

1.40 "THE MAN OF PROPERTY"—BY JOHN GALSWORTHY.
1.45 ADAPTED FOR RADIO BY MURIEL LEVY, PRODUCED BY HUGH STEVENS.

1.50 JAZZ CONCERT.
1.55 WILD BERRY GOODMAN and his orchestra.

2.00 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.
2.05 KILKEE v. R.A.F.
2.10 COMMENTARY BY CAROLINE HILL.

2.15 "SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN."
2.20 ADAPTED FOR RADIO BY DAVID LITTLE.

2.25 "THE GOON SHOW."
2.30 COMMENTARY BY DIANA.

2.35 MUSIC FOR DANCING.

2.40 THE NEWS.

2.45 THE NEWS.

BROTHERS' (DE PAUL — MERCEUR).
Presented by Linda Gilling. Clearance Team, H.M. Taurar.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

6.05 UNIT REQUESTS.
Presented by Linda Gilling. Clearance Team, H.M. Taurar.

6.10 WEATHER REPORT.

7.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS.

7.05 HONGKONG FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS 1956 (CENTRAL RECLAMATION).
Opening ceremony by Lady Grantham.

7.10 "THE GOON SHOW."
Presented by Nick Rendall.

7.15 "THIS WEEK."
News, reports and interviews on some of the events in and out of Hongkong. Compiled by Timothy Birch.

7.20 THE GOON SHOW.
Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan in "The Canal".

9.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
Edited by John Wallace.

9.05 CELEBRITY SPOTLIGHT.
Arranged by Allen Wood.

10.00 MUSIC FROM THE CHAM-PAGNE ROOM.

10.05 SATURDAY STORY.
Read by Reggie Glanville.

10.10 RADIO DANCE DATE.

11.20 WEATHER REPORT.

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Austin Coates gives an illustrated talk on Maurice Ravel, whose birthday falls on March 7. Harvey Feldman discusses the origins of American Folk Music. Jean Lavrenko contributes a programme note on the "Grande Messe des Morts" by Berlioz to be broadcast this evening.

1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
1.05 PETITE SUITE DE CONCERT (R. COLEBRIDGE-TAYLOR).
The Orchestra of H.M. Royal Marines.

1.10 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.15 SPORTS TIME.

1.20 HOSPITAL REQUESTS.
Presented by Hilary.

1.25 YOUR RADIO CONCERT HALL.
Rise Stevens (mezzo-soprano).
With Howard Barlow and orchestra.

1.30 JOURNEY INTO SPACE.
Written and produced by Charles Chilton.

1.35 HOME REQUESTS.
Presented by Hilary.

1.40 MUSIC AND SONG OF IRVING BERLIN.

1.45 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.
K.M.B. v. Sing Tao.

1.50 COMMENTARY BY CAROLINE HILL.

1.55 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

2.00 FORCES' EVENING SERVICE.

2.05 THE LITTLE PLAYERS OF ST. FRANCIS.
By Laurence.

2.10 "Sister Clare" and "Brother Juniper."
Adapted and produced by Herbert Smith.

2.15 WEATHER REPORT.

2.20 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS.

2.25 COMMENTARY OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

2.30 ORQUESTA DE CAMARA DE MADRID.

2.35 FROM OPERA.
La Pucelle. Jeanne Overture (Saint-Saens). Albert Woper conducting the orchestra of the Opera Comique, Paris. All duet, vision (A.H. depart, image (fair) (from "The Marriage of Figaro" (Mozart). Elisabeth (soprano) with orchestra. Coro d'Introduzione (Chorus of Introduction) (from "Nabucco" (Verdi). The National Opera Chorus conducted by H. van Vliet.

2.40 THE PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.
Conducted by Paul Van Kempen. La Boheme — Selection (Puccini). Rigoletto — Selection (Verdi). Oren. conducted by Serge Dupre.

2.45 THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL.
By Sir Walter Scott.

2.50 MUSIC MAGAZINE.
Compiled and introduced by Peter Sharp.

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"IT'S IN THE NEWS"—A NEW RADIO PANEL GAME PRODUCED BY TIMOTHY BIRCH.
Pit Craig with Lucy Huang, Robert Holt, Nick Rendall.
Chairman: John Wallace.

9.30 THE SUNDAY CONCERT — "THE SUNDAY DES MORTS" BY BERLIOZ.
William Herbert (tenor). BBC Choral Society, Royal Choral Society, BBC Symphony Orchestra.
Conductor: Sir Malcolm Sargent.

10.30 WEATHER REPORT.

11.00 TIME SIGNAL, FROM THE WEEKLIES.

11.05 EPILOGUE.
Conducted by the Rev. Father P. Doherty, S.J.

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You, the Night and the Music.
L'Histoire Bleue, A Little White Gardenia. Deeply beloved. Just let me look at you. Too Marvellous for words.

8.00 "VIEWPOINT."
A weekly magazine devoted to the Arts edited and introduced by Janet Tomblin.

8.30 MUSIC FOR YOU.
Julia Shelley, Julian Dream, Eric Robinson and his concert orchestra.

9.00 TIME SIGNAL.

9.05 OFF THE BEATEN TRACK.
Presented by Timothy Birch.

9.10 QUINTETS IN A MAJOR K. 381 (Mozart) (CONCERT HALL).
Clifford Williams (clarinet), Arrigo Fosch (violin), Solomon Bard (viola), and Frank Huang (cello).

9.15 ANTON KARLAS (ZITHER).
EDUARD BRÄZLER (PIANO).
Vox Sintonietta, Vienna.

9.20 THE GOON SHOW.
Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan in "The Canal".

9.25 WEATHER REPORT.

10.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS.

10.05 GOODNIGHT MUSIC.

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AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 STOCK MARKET REPORT.
1.35 AFTERNOON CONCERT.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

6.05 LUCKY DIP — VARIETY REQUESTS.
Presented by Margherita.

6.10 STUDENTS' GUIDE.
Presented by M. Head.

6.15 WEATHER REPORT.

7.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS.

7.05 COMMENTARY OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

7.10 IN WHICH A PANEL OF CRITICS REVIEW PICTURES CURRENTLY SHOWING IN HONGKONG WITH AUDREY MENDIS in the Chair.

7.15 "TIME FOR JAZZ."
With Robb Day.

7.20 HONOUR ROLL OF HITS-1954.
Arranged by Allen Woods.

7.25 YOU and the night and the Music.
Tony Martin (vocal); Islands across the water — National Fairs and Home — Duke Ellington (piano); and the Atlantic — singing with you — Lydia Day and Buddy Clark (vocal); All I do is dream of you — Quartet (vocal) with the Buddy Quartet; Cocktails for two — Spike Jones and his City Slickers; Carl Gracian (vocal); and 1.30 HOUR RADIO CONCERT.

7.30 HALL.
Howard Barlow and the chorus and orchestra.

7.35 TIME SIGNAL.

7.40 WEDNESDAY THEATRE — "EVERYMAN".
Produced by Basil Taylor.

7.45 "QUIET LISTENING."
With Hector Chavain at the piano. Dennis and Kathy Lloyd, Bobbie Britton.

7.50 TIME SIGNAL.

7.55 TUNES YOU'VE WHISTLED.
Joe Reichenman (piano) with rhythm accompaniment.

8.00 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

8.05 LONDON STUDIO CONCERT.
The Hournemouth Municipal Orchestra.

8.10 CONDUCTOR: CHARLES GROVES.

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Online: from "Gaspard de la Nuit" (Trois Poemes pour Piano D'apres Alcazar Bertrando) (Ravel) — Leonard Pennario (piano). The Emperor Waltz (Johann Strauss). Arr. Pennario — Leonard Pennario (piano).

9.30 TIME SIGNAL.

9.35 MORE MUSIC WITH NATIS-SON.
Norbert Matsson (Jazz violinist, singer & pianist).

9.40 WITH VIC CRISPINO (piano), Barry Yanzza (bass), Angel Gaa (drums).

9.45 AT THE OPERA.
"The Marriage of Figaro" Acts 2 & 3 (Mozart).

9.50 Il Conte Almaviva (baritone), Roy Henderson; La Contessa Almaviva (soprano), Aulikki Rautavaara; Susanna (soprano), Audrey Midway; Figaro (baritone), Willi Domgraf-Fassbender; Cherubino (soprano), Lulu Hillebrand; Marcelina (contralto), Constantino Willis; Basilio (tenor), Reddie Nash; Bartolo (bass), Norman Allen; Figaro (soprano), Wilfrid Radford; Antonio (bass), Fergus Dymally; Don Curzio (bass), John G. Jones; Don Curzio (bass), John G. Jones; Don Curzio (bass), John G. Jones.

9.55 STEVE ALLEN'S ALL STAR JAZZ CONCERT.

10.00 TIME SIGNAL.

10.05 MUSICAL INTERLUDE.
Blue Riband — Frederic Curzon (conductor); The Runaway Boocking (conductor); The Run

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

THE REFEREE WAS RIGHT AND THE CRITICS WRONG IN LAST SUNDAY'S GAME

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

The astonishing amount of utter and irresponsible rubbish that has been talked about the game played last Sunday between South China and KMB is surely as illuminating as it is ill-founded. People who should know a lot better can be heard in open protest against the fact that the referee decreed the game should go on. "The conditions were all against good football... they were deplorable... players could not be expected to play their usual game under such conditions..." are some of the comments that have been voiced.

Stripped of all the padding and all the wool the plain facts are that the only people who really wanted the game postponed were the officials of the two competing clubs... and in view of what was being said at the time their desires had little to do with either the state of the ground or concern for the players.

Football is a winter game. In many parts of the world it is played regularly under conditions very much worse than existed here last week-end. In Britain for example snow, ice, fog, rain and high piercing winds have all been experienced recently and only in the most extreme circumstances was it considered necessary to call a game off.

SPONTANEOUS APPLAUSE

The referee's decision to go ahead with the South China-KMB match, while certainly an unpopular one with the team officials, was a correct one and the spontaneous applause which the decision drew from the spectators indicated the soundness of the main stand or cheering enthusiastically under umbrellas on the open side of the stadium spoke for itself.

If the unjustified desires of the club had been met, the referee had decided—virtually the last moment—to postpone the game, the Grounds Committee of the HKFA... and maybe also the police... would have been set an unenviable task.

The spectators—wet, cold and disappointed—would have been justified in feeling aggrieved and cheated. They had come to see a soccer match and, while everyone agreed that the conditions were far from ideal, there seemed no real justification for not playing the game as advertised. And they were right for as things turned out play during the game was both exciting and entertaining. The players improved in their ability to master the difficult conditions as the game went on. With this in mind... and also with memories of thrilling Hendon and Durrigton matches on water-logged Hongkong pitches... one cannot help but decide that in this case, far too many folks were more interested in what happened around the playing field rather than what happened on it. This is surely doubly confirmed by the lack of adverse comment on the other two Senior Division games which were also played.

A few weeks ago I made a comment in this column that there had been a welcome and marked revival in soccer interest at King George V School, and suggested that there might be a new and profitable field of activity for HKFA Coach Tom Sneddon among the boys of the school.

I am pleased to hear that the suggestion is now an accomplished fact and that arrangements were completed for Mr Sneddon to make his first visit to the school yesterday.

Nothing but good can come of the new association. The boys will benefit greatly from Mr Sneddon's specialized coaching; and at the same time—taking a longer term view of it—Colonial football will reap a reward in due course.

No doubt the gentleman who first raised the matter with me will be satisfied with the progress that has been made... and I feel sure the Hongkong Football Club will watch the situation with special interest.

The Colony's football public will be pleased to hear some definite news about the future career of Dave McLaren, the former RAF goal-keeper who

PREVIOUS REPORTS

In spite of previous reports that his future lay with Chelsea, Dave—I predicted on the strength of his own statements to me—has signed for a Scottish club. The brilliant and likable aimman has put pen to paper for Dundee, where, for a time at least, he will be understood to bill Brown the Scottish internationalist.

Just before he left here after his final visit with the RAF representative side Dave told me that he was absolutely essential that his football pen should not take leave from him. His home at Auchtermuchty, as his family's business would require his presence. His signing for such a fine old club as Dundee should suit him admirably for it is only a nominal run from his village to his new football quarters at Dens Park.

Colony football fans will join with me in wishing him the very best of luck in his future career.

Last week I mentioned a most unusual decision involving a player in the recent St. Joseph's-Eastern game at Carroll Hill. Since then I have had the pleasure of a telephone chat with the referee concerned but I have to confess that I am now more confused about the incident than ever.

Let me remind you of the circumstances. Ho Ying-fun, the Eastern right-winger, carried the ball up the wing, cut inside, and in a tussle with a St. Joseph's defender he stumbled out, or fell to a position some yards beyond the by-line. The game proceeded for a time and suddenly the referee blew his whistle, placed the ball on the spot immediately in front of the spot where Ho was standing and gave a free kick to the Saints.

Among his several justifications for his decision the referee told me Ho was penalised because he had left the field without the referee's permission, and had not attempted to return within a reasonable time. I'll try to do my best to explain the incident to you.

When Ho recovered his balance he obviously realised that play was still around St. Joseph's goal and he realised too that as soon as he stepped over the line he would be out of the game. So he stood where he was... out of play. The referee countered that Ho should have run round the end of the field and rejoined play in an on-side position.

A QUEER AWARD

However you look at it the award of a free kick to the Saints was a queer one. The "offending player" was taking no part in the play and if the referee considered that he had left the field without permission—which as I have pointed out he did in fact do—then surely any penalising should have been done if and when the player once more re-entered the field of play... presumably without permission.

Our football may sometimes be controversial, wind swept

There is a restricted programme of senior games this week-end but a Police Interport with Macao will provide some compensation. The list is as follows:—

WEEK-END MATCHES

Today
Police Interport Match: Hongkong v. Macao at Boundary Street at 3.30 p.m.

First Division: Kitching v. RAF at Carroll Hill; Army v. St. Joseph's at Causeway Bay.

Tomorrow: KMB v. Sing Tao at Carroll Hill; CAA v. Navy at Causeway Bay. All League games start at 4 p.m.

Kitching will find points gathering difficult this afternoon when they tackle the RAF. The army are more than capable of upsetting the Shield finalists but a lot will depend on Burns.

If the centre-half can subdue Lau Kai-chu, it may well mean a couple of points for the boys in blue.

Recent meetings of Army and St. Joseph's have been close affairs and provided both sides are at full strength today, a game should be much the same.

KMB who are now playing really well should be good enough to beat Sing Tao, but CAA may find the lively reserves having a harder time than a match for them on the Navy Ground at Causeway Bay.

PENNANT LADDER

Charlie Remedios' Delawareans, with a slim one-game lead over the Hurricanes who are breathing down their necks in their last climb up the Pennant ladder, will have to be on their toes if they are to take

the title. The Hurricanes, who are breathing down their necks in their last climb up the Pennant ladder, will have to be on their toes if they are to take

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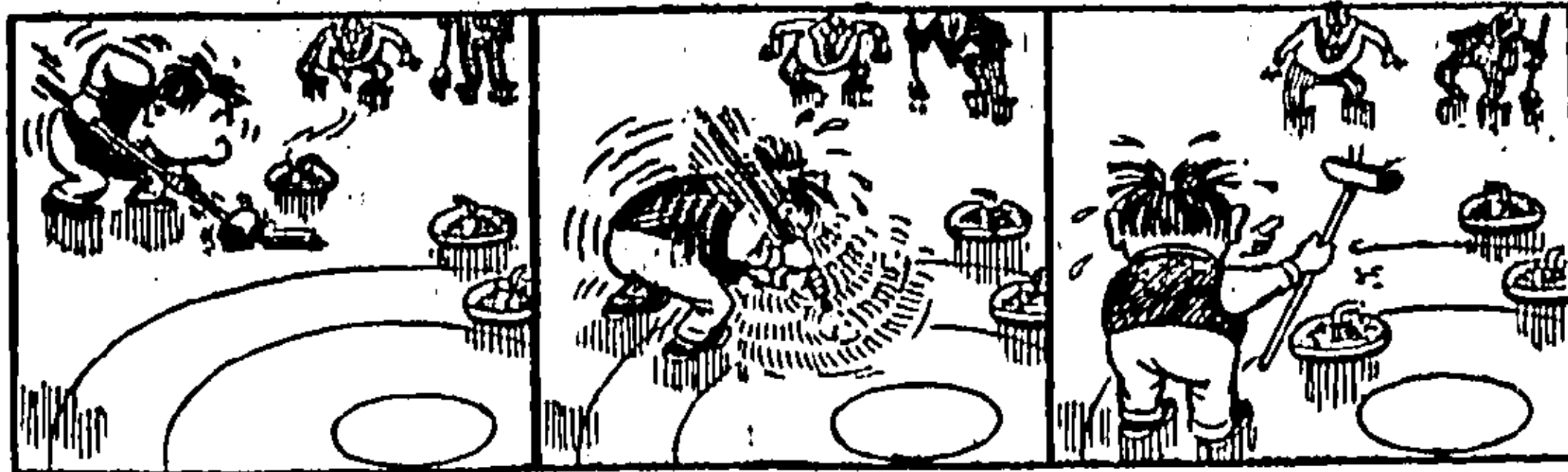
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SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



WEEK-END SOFTBALL

Hurricanes Faces Acid Test At King's Park Tomorrow

By "TIME OUT"

The Men's Senior "B" Division Hurricanes, standing one game behind the leading Delawareans, take top billing this week at King's Park when they tangle with their arch-rivals at tomorrow's curtain-raiser at 9.30 a.m.

This tussle is the acid test for the Hurricanes, who had a slow start this season, for a win will place them neck to neck with their opponents, Charlie Remedios' Delawareans. While this slugfest is underway, the tail-enders Comets and Hongkong University will be engaged in a mad scramble in the far-off diamond.

Leading the thrill parade in the Senior "A" League this week will be the postponed encounter between Ed Carvalho's Braves and the keen South China squad when they cross bats at 2.00 p.m. tomorrow. Also featured in this thrill-packed card are Jindo Hussain's second-placed Saints Joseph's and the cellar-dwelling Chinese Athletics. Still hot on the tails of their leaders, breathing down their backs on every game, the hard-hitting Saints will be having a field day at their opponents' expense when they lock horns at 11.00 a.m.

The long-awaited arrival of the Ching Hui Girls' Softball team from Taiwan which kept keen followers of this sport on edge for the past two weeks, finally came as the girls arrived yesterday and are scheduled to meet an All-Hongkong Selection at 3.30 p.m. tomorrow.

This afternoon will see the opening of the Inter-Schools Softball Championship with last year's winners St. Martin's, now known as Saint Francis Xavier's, featured at 3.30 p.m. against La Salle College.

Charlie Remedios' Delawareans, with a slim one-game lead over the Hurricanes who are breathing down their necks in their last climb up the Pennant ladder, will have to be on their toes if they are to take

tomorrow's tussle and the Championship. Once again, responsibility will fall on the steady right-arm of regular mound artist Gogo Santos who toes the rubber in tomorrow's razor match.

An impenetrable wall in his department, lanky Cypri Caidas directs traffic behind the plate while the infield quartet comprise of Tony Slagge, Tavares at first, Vee Britto at second and balmaw Chaves at the hot-corner while the windy-thrower spot finds foot-footed Micky Buge in action.

The outfield trio will be menor Charlie Remedios at left, Sonny Pires at centre and newcomer Tony Soares at the right corner. Though having been beaten twice by the Hurricanes in their last meetings, manager Remedios of the Delawareans is confident of a Delaware victory tomorrow and was willing also to "bet his shirt" on the game. Facing a tougher schedule than the Hurricanes, the Delawareans will have to win to cap the Championship, as they have yet to meet the unpredictable Comets twice to complete their fixtures.

department, who will be relying mainly on his excellent control to carry the triumph over to the Athletics camp. With science behind his every pitch, Nazarin has earned the reputation of being one of the games' smartest pitchers.

Scheduled for last week but rained out, the Braves-South China clash should provide considerable interest as both teams will be out in force, the Braves out to hang onto their slim lead in the League tables and South China to regain lost prestige since the release of their ace hurler "Goose" Wong.

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

Sam Russell By ARCHIE QUICK

The gentleman with the broken nose was standing in a queue outside Arsenal's paintball ground on a snowy, blither day before one of Chelsea's innumerable Cup replays with Burnley. "Look what I do to watch football," he said to me. "But different to a dress suit in the best boxing ringside seats eh?"

It was Sam Russell talking. Sam Russell, who, in my opinion, ranks with Eugene Corri, Moss Devoing, J. T. Hulls, John Douglas and Benny Angle as the best of British boxing referees. Sam, the typical East End Cockney, has other ties with the ring. In his youth he was an outstanding Featherweight, and he was an astute manager too. But his forte was refereeing. He was always in command and his judgment was shrewd.

One of the boxers he managed was Eddie Phillips, the Bow bus driver. Built like Adonis he could have had the world at his feet. He was a second Bombarier Billy Wells, in boxing skill and good looks. But his heart was never in the game, and he ended as an all-in wrestler instead of boxing Champion of the World. Some twenty years ago I travelled down with Phillips and Russell to Mountain Ash where the Londoner had to fight Tommy Farr in his own Welsh Tally for the Cruiserweight Championship of Britain. It looked a certainty for Farr, "playing at home" with the favour of the miners of the Valleys to spur him on. But Phillips' immaculate left hand won the contest for him easily on points.

HELL BROKE LOOSE

When the referee, the late Mr Jack Smith, of Manchester, courageously gave his verdict, Hell broke loose in that South Wales town. I ducked under the ring framework with my ringside telephone and it was from that secluded nook that I phoned my story with Bedlam all around.

That evening, in nearby Aberdare, Smith, Russell, Phillips and myself sat down to supper, and Russell had just said: "If I had known that was going to happen I would have seen to it that Phillips left when we traded his to some other crack at his old friend Keith Miller. Once he decided he would do it, I knew he'd beat the knee."

Phillips had well won was proved when in two subsequent contests he outpointed Farr each time. Russell has lived boxing all his life, yet his first love is racing. He never misses a meeting. Next to that—

VISITING THE STABLES

PADDY PRENDERGAST SHOULD FINISH NEAR THE TOP

By RICHARD BAERLEIN

The Rossmore Lodge trainer, Paddy Prendergast, with 14 winners of 16 races worth \$17,179, had, for him, a comparatively modest year on the English turf, and, in Ireland, he held only second place to Seamus McGrath after a record-breaking run of six years as leading trainer.

Despite losing two of his best two-year-old money-spinners—Sarissa and Milestan—to Michael Dawson, the stable is in a position to attack the main English prizes on a far wider front than has been possible in the past.

For instance, four-year-olds have been rarely in the stable in other years, but now there are Panaslipper, High Ehan, Ragd and El Zahbi, all of that age, capable of winning English prizes.

Panaslipper has done really well physically, but I am not sure that the trainer is not on a hiding to nothing with this horse.

If he turns out a success they will say he was always a good horse—he won the Irish Derby and was second in the Epsom Derby. But if he loses the trainer will get the blame. His main objective in the first part of the season will be the Coronation Cup at Epsom, and Panaslipper may be sent for a preliminary outing for the John Porter Stakes at Newbury on April 14.

Panaslipper will be ridden by T. P. Burns (no relation of the stable jockey, T. M. Burns). T. P. Burns will ride all the President of Elms' horses, whether in Prendergast's stable or in John Oxx's stable.

ATTRACTIVE

High Ehan is now a most attractive colt and if his ability has improved as much as his physical appearance, he will be a rare money-spinner this season.

He won two races in England last season and when I first saw the Kempton Jubilee weights I was at once attracted by his 8st. 2lb.

His trainer tells me he will be trained for the race and it is to be hoped Lester Piggott will be free to ride even if it means a little overweight.

Piggott will ride regularly for the stable in England this season whenever he is free. The three-year-olds are probably strong enough to ever before. The two classic colts at present are Al Moannah and Calgry Court.

Al Moannah has improved physically more than any three-year-old I have seen for a long time and his trainer tells me he now weighs 11 cwt.

He ran twice last season in England but was too backward to do himself justice. A very

Look Out Aussies, Compton Can Play This Season

Says PAT MARSHALL

Look out for the old, debonair Denis Compton against Australia in the Tests this summer.

His doctors have told him: "The knee will be all right. You will be fit to play this season." Said a delighted Denis: "The doctors are confident and so am I, though with the season opening in just two months' time I may be a late starter."

"I am having three hours' exercise a day and can now bend the knee 60 degrees."

"That means I must improve another 40 degrees."

"That—I can bend the knee 30 degrees"—the big news.

Five weeks ago when I walked down the hill to Gerrards Cross Station with Denis he could bend his knee no more than 10 degrees.

And despite his tremendous confidence he rated his chance of playing again as only "even."

If Denis is playing by the end of May I consider that he must be in the reckoning for the Second Test at Lord's which begins on June 21.

The verdict of the doctors was a surprise to Denis's wife, Valerie.

"I have been confident all along that Denis would play again," she said.

"Denis had made up his mind that he was going to play again. I know how keen he is to have another crack at his old friend Keith Miller. Once he decided he would do it, I knew he'd beat the knee."

Valerie has only one regret... "I wish I could have got him away into the sunshine this winter. This cold weather is no help to anyone trying to get fit."

"But of course he has had to stay here so that his doctors could treat him daily."

—(Continued from page 15)

different animal will be seen this year, and the Derby will naturally be his main objective. Calgary Court is not so impressive to look at but that does not mean he will not be the better racehorse.

In his one race in England he well physically, but I am not sure that the trainer is not on a hiding to nothing with this horse.

The stable have also a very strong candidate for the Oaks in Lady Honor Svaldar's Carroz.

The Goodwood winner, Noto, a daughter of Court Martial, has also made considerable progress and will win her fair share of prizes. Hakman Hand, son of Solar Slipper, is sure to lose his maiden allowance at an early date.

Paddy Prendergast has an uncanny knack of producing a top-class two-year-old from modest breeding, and it would therefore be dangerous to skip up any of his two-year-olds on their breeding alone at this early stage.

UNNAMED

Undoubtedly the most interesting of all the two-year-olds is the son named by Paddy Prendergast, Noto, a daughter of Court Martial. This filly is a sister in blood to the great Tulyar, for Lugano is a sister to Noto.

English racegoers have for long been impressed by the manner in which Paddy Prendergast has trained his horses since their early race.

This high standard of stable management is being maintained once again, and all being well, Prendergast will be near the top at the end of the season.

Arthur Ellis (World No. 1 Referee) Opens Up His Soccer School

That little rectangle known as the penalty area contains more strife for the footballer and the fan—and the referee!—than all the parlaments in the world.

It is Soccer's danger zone, and loud are the roars when anyone falls or even stumbles within its whitewashed boundaries.

The penalty kick is the most disputed award in sport. And yet it shouldn't be so. I'll tell you why.

There are nine offences for which penalty kick should be awarded, and they are easily remembered.

Two concern the shoulders—charging from behind, charging in a dangerous or violent manner. Three concern the feet—kicking, tripping, or jumping. Four concern the hands—handball, holding, pushing, striking. And the offences must be intentional.

No other offence in the penalty area merits the award of a penalty kick.

Usually you will find it gets an indirect free kick, or a "half-penalty," as the South Americans call it.

A NEW TWIST

Peter Doherty and Raich Carter, these very quick-witted gentlemen, worked a new twist on taking a penalty kick when I refereed them in the Old International eleven against Leeds United at Elland Road.

Doherty, taking the kick, tapped the ball a yard forward, and there was Carter racing alongside to score. The poor Leeds goalkeeper was absolutely mystified. Was it a goal? Of course it was.

Carter had stood 10 yards from the ball, it had been played forward at least the distance of its own circumference, 27in.

The crowd denounced the referee, naturally, but the crowd was wrong. So check up on your penalty rules. It pays.

Now test your knowledge. What would be your decision in this case if Doherty had played the ball slightly backward to Carter?

(Answers on page 17)

THE JACK DEMPSEY STORY FROM "HOBO" CAMP TO CHAMPION

Boxing is a sport in which colourful personalities abound, but probably no fighter of modern times has had as eventful a life as Jack Dempsey. "The Manassa Mauler".

In his career he was supreme—five years ago, more than twenty years after his last big fight, the memory of his greatness was so fresh in the minds of the sports writers of America that they voted him the greatest boxer of this half century.

In "The Jack Dempsey Story" (Nicholas Kaye Ltd. London; 6/6) Gene Schoor traces his rise from mine labourer and inhabitant of "hobo camps" to the highest peak in boxing. Dempsey met with many vicissitudes: in his early efforts to earn recognition with his fists, but from the time of his association with Jack "Doc" Kearns, one of boxing's shrewdest managers, his story was one of almost uninterrupted success. One after another the men ahead of him on the championship ladder were felled by "the giant-killer's" tremendous blows until he was face to face with the title-holder, the big cowboy, Jess Willard.

Willard, 6 feet 8 inches tall, and weighing over 17 stone, was battered to the canvas seven times in the first round and took so bad a beating that he was unable to come up for the fourth round. The boy from the obscure little settlement of Manassa in Colorado was World Champion.

Well-known highlights of his later career were his fight with Georges Carpentier of France, which drew the first million-dollar crowd in the history of boxing; the great battle with Luis Firpo, the "Wild Bull of the Pampas"; and the two memorable tussles with Gene Tunney.

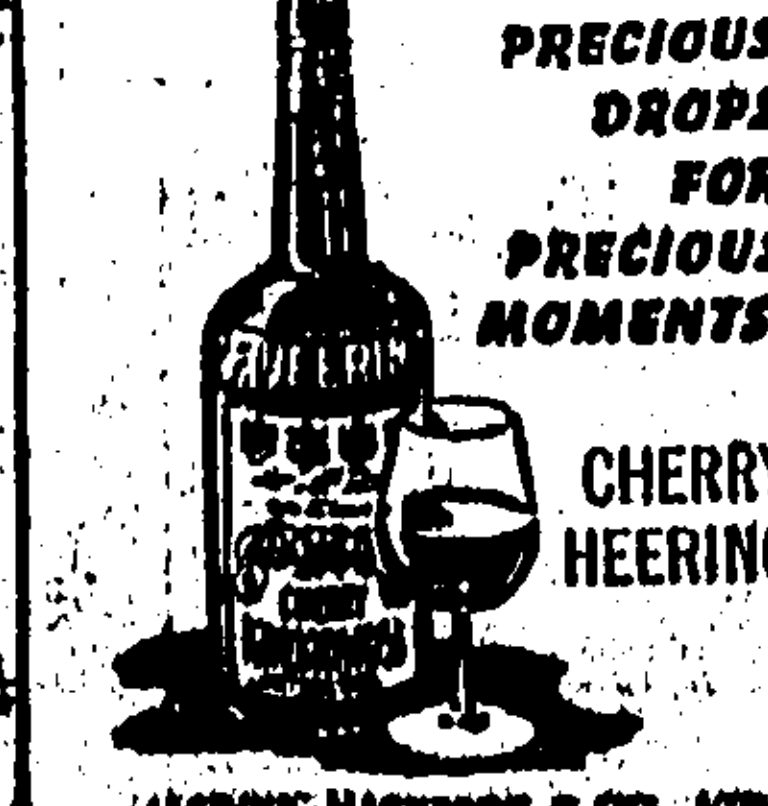
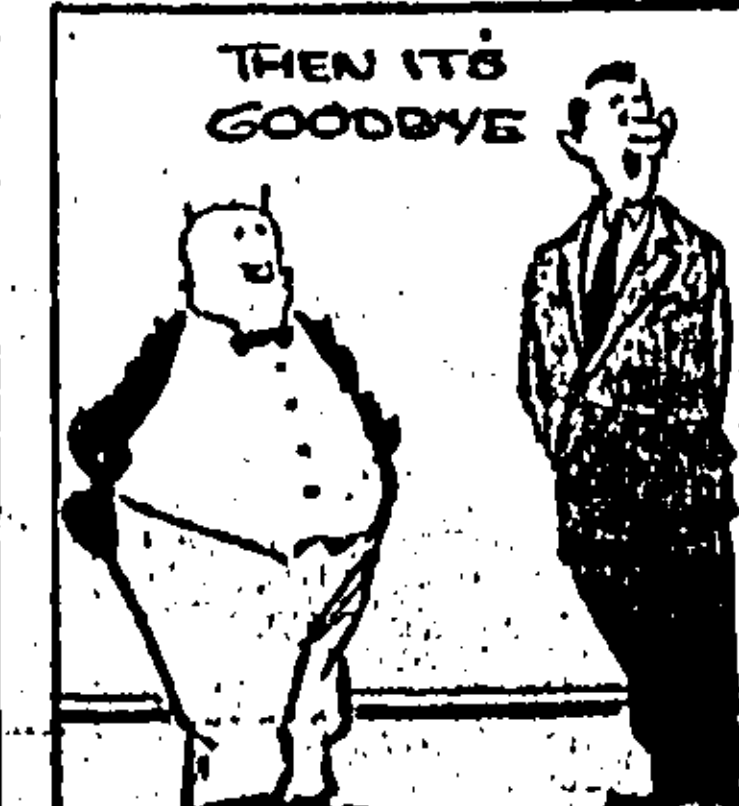
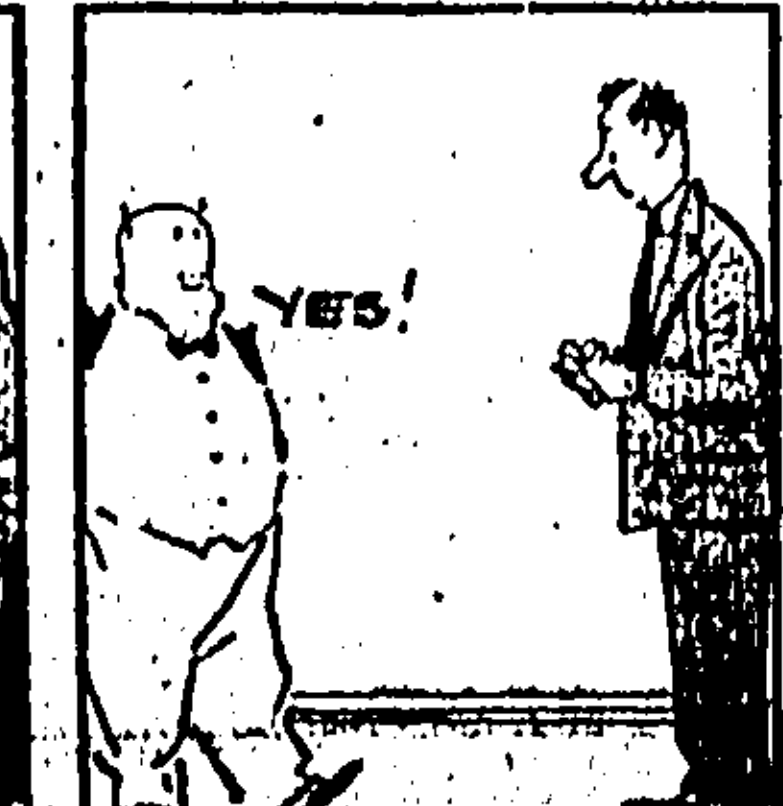
Stripped of his title by Tunney in 1926, Dempsey just failed to regain it the following year in the fight of the controversial "long count." In his seventh round, Dempsey smashed Tunney to the boards, but failed to go immediately to the further corner from the prostrate Champion, as the state boxing laws required him to do. The count could not be started until Dempsey complied with the rules; by the time he realised this, precious seconds had been lost and Tunney got the extra breather which enabled him to recover and carry on to win on points.—China Mail Special.

SPORTS QUIZ

- At what sports event would you see competitors tossing cubes?
- Which sportsmen aim at the "gold"?
- Here are three famous boxing managers. Name the fighters they managed. All are or were World Champions: Doc Kearns, Francois Desamps and Al Weil.
- Which of these sports are or have been included in the Olympic Games: lawn tennis, bowls, horse-racing and cricket.
- What is the maximum and minimum weights for a Heavyweight boxer?
- One of the world's leading Test cricketers was once a professional boxer. Name please.
- The FA Cup Finals has been played at the Oval Test ground. True or false?
- What is the main difference between present day football shirts and those of thirty years ago?
- What is the American Derby called?
- In which games is the term "break" used?

(Answers See Page 17)

POP



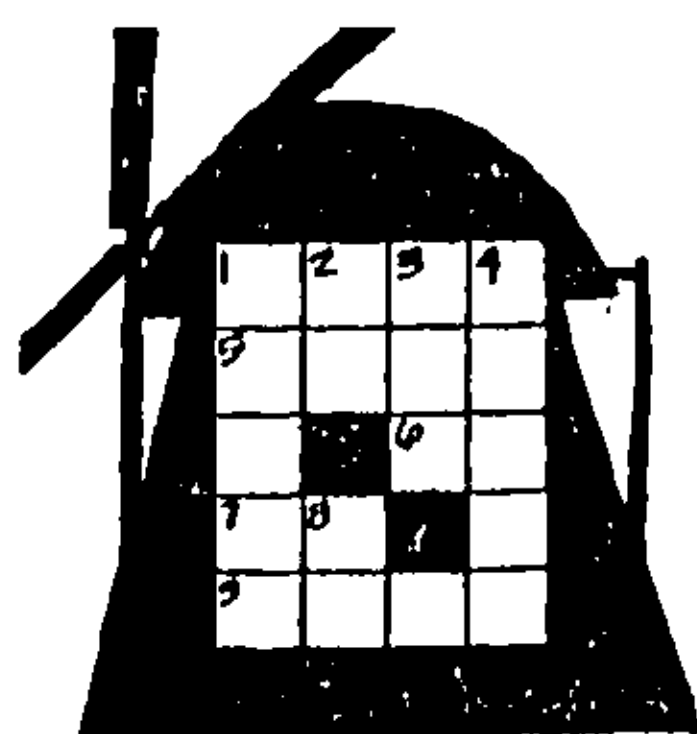
PRECIOUS DROPS FOR PRECIOUS MOMENTS. CHERRY HEERING

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD

Cartoonist Cal has drawn today's crossword puzzle on the silhouette of a Dutch windmill.



ACROSS

- There are many wind—s in Holland
- Thought
- Upon
- East side (ab.)
- Looks at

DOWN

- Measures of distance
- In debt (ab.)
- Boys' nickname
- Dykes keep the water from Holland's low—
- Southeast (ab.)

DIAMOND

DYKES are important in Holland and as a centre for the diamond. The second word is "yes" when voting and the fourth is "a long fish." Finish the diamond.

D
Y
K
E
S

(Solutions on Page 20)

TAKE YOUR PICK

Pick the right ending for each of these sentences about The Netherlands from the clues given:

Holland is a (republic — kingdom — city —).

Netherlands people are called (Scandinavians — Swedes — Dutch —).

They grow (roses — tulips — violets —).

This country is in (Africa — Asia — Europe —).

MISSING VOWELS

The Puzzleman has left the vowels out of these three things about The Netherlands. Can you finish them?

MST — RD — M

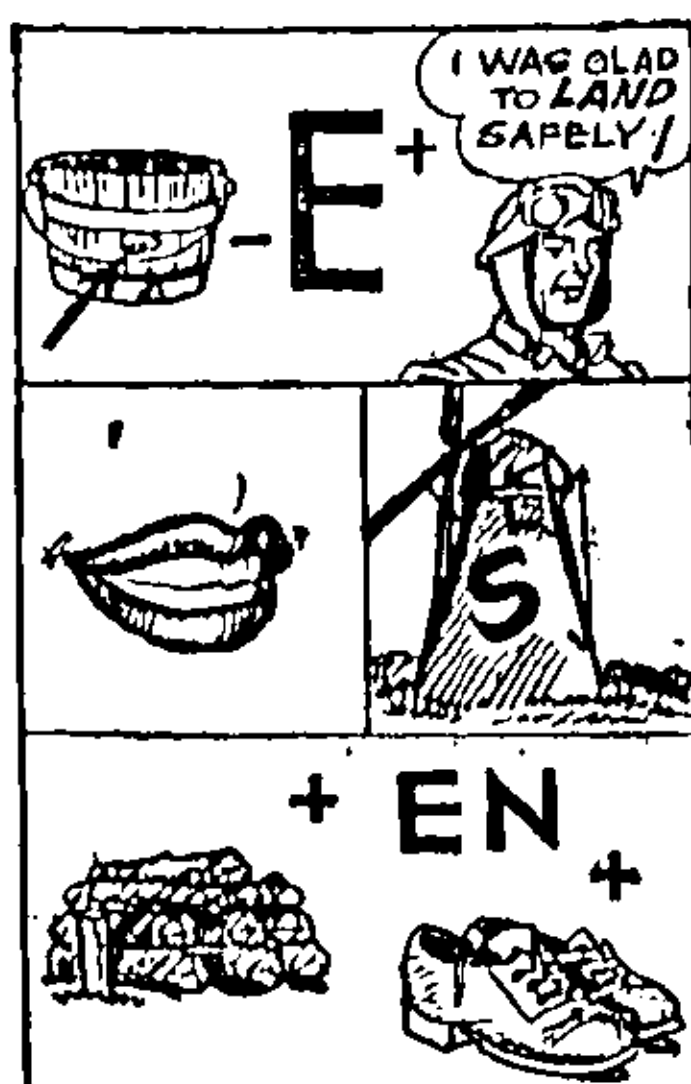
Q — — N J — L — — N —

TH — H — G — —

Visiting The Netherlands:

NETHERLANDS REBUS

If you use the words and pictures right, you'll find the four things about The Netherlands which the Puzzleman has hidden in his rebuses.



GYM WORKOUT FOR A BOXER

THE most important phases of a boxer's training take place in the gym. To keep in good condition, he must get plenty of sleep, eat good food and do his road work. But he learns his trade in the gym.

Gym work consists of shadow boxing, jumping rope, hitting the light and heavy bags, sparring and exercising. All done under the supervision of a trainer.

Shadow boxing should be done first. It will loosen up the muscles and warm up the boxer.

★ ★ ★

The amount of time spent on each one of these phases depends upon the bout a fighter is training for. A boxer who is getting in shape for a ten-rounder will have to put in at least three three-minute rounds each on shadow boxing, jumping rope, hitting the bags and sparring. An amateur puts in less time and usually works on a two-minute round.

Jumping rope should be done at a fast pace. The boxer goes from one foot to another, repeating on the same foot a few times, before going on to the next.



Also, he will jump on both feet every now and then.

For sparring, he puts on a headgear, wraps up his hands with bandages and puts on 16-oz. gloves. His handler rubs petrolatum over his charge's face, so that the punches will not cut his skin. Also, he should never be without his mouthpiece, for even the heavy gloves could chip a tooth.

Then he boxes with a sparring partner. They spar at a fast pace, but neither one tries to hurt the other.

When working on the bags, he keeps the bandages on his hands and uses a pair of bag gloves. He hits the light bag to develop his timing. On the heavy bag, he throws punches as if he was hitting an opponent. On this bag, he tries out new ways of throwing punches and works on the left jab, hooks, uppercuts and straight rights.

★ ★ ★

When the workout is over with, the boxer does his calisthenics. He does neck exercises, the bicycle, deep knee bends and others that his trainer may have him do.

Then he takes a shower and his gym day is over with.

—By Earl Ireland

The Bagpipe, Instrument Of Kings

IT'S peculiar, isn't it, that the favourite musical instrument of kings and queens has so often been the bagpipe?

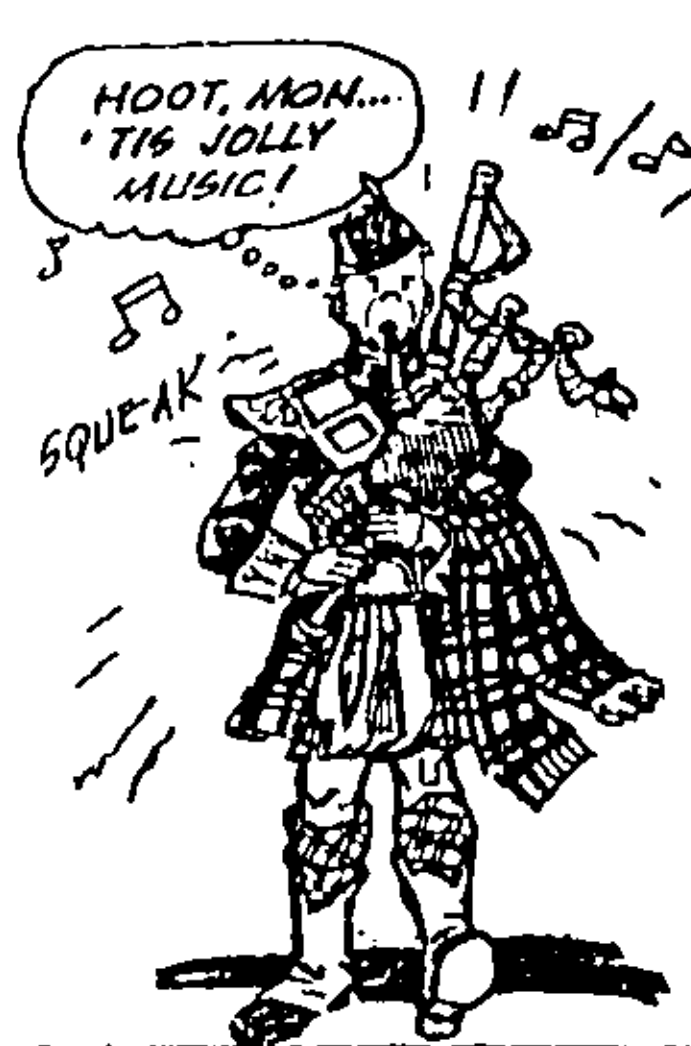
It was the Roman soldiers who brought the bagpipes to Britain. That was long before the Scottish people took them up as their national instrument. The Roman emperor Nero could play the bagpipes very well. We know he was very partial to the instrument because the coins engraved during his reign have pictures of pipes stamped on them.

PIPERS IN ROYAL ORCHESTRA

The next royal head we hear of who liked the bagpipe was King Edward the third of England. He gave permission to one of his court musicians to visit music schools in other countries to learn more about the art of playing the pipes.

Another famous English King who was very fond of the bagpipe was King Henry the eighth. He was no mean player, either. He had pipers included in his royal orchestra and when he died he left five sets of pipes to his daughter Queen Elizabeth.

However, I don't think Elizabeth liked them very much, because she banned the playing of bagpipes in Ireland. The Irish people were too clever for that one.



they thought it very unladylike to have to blow air vulgarly into a bag, so a new kind was made with a small bellows attached. They squeezed the bellows under their arms.

It would be an understatement to say that Queen Victoria liked the pipes. She was passionately fond of them, probably because she liked most things which were Scottish.

There was a time when her court musicians were worried about the amount of time she was spending in Scotland. They obtained a court order at Buckingham Palace in London to pay to her for an hour each day playing that which would give her as the Scotland she would require.

THE LAST TWENTY YEARS

Over the past 20 years, kings and queens all over the world have said how much they like the pipes. Recently you've heard of the Meghanm girl piper, a band of young London girls who have toured in many lands. These girls have played before the British royal family at Windsor Castle, and King Leopold of Belgium. Even Adolf Hitler liked their music so much that he extended their stay in Berlin from one month to two.

A few years ago the pipe band of the Gordon Highlanders delighted King Victor and the Queen of Italy when they entertained them with marches, reels and strathspeys.

Queen Elizabeth II has shown signs of her fondness for the bagpipes. There are always two pipers at Balmoral Castle in the highlands ready to skirl for the royal family when they arrive for their summer visits.

—By Roderick Wilkinson

POPULAR WITH COURT LADIES

A bagpipe which was very popular in France was the musette, a small instrument with a very soft and sweet sound. Emperor Louis the Fourteenth liked it and, like the English Kings Edward and Henry, insisted it be included in his royal orchestra.

The musette became very popular with the ladies of the French court at that time but

to be only quantity.

And certainly there are enough pipe collections in the world to make quantity a paying proposition, no matter how little each stamp is worth.



Liechtenstein Issues New Stamps

LECHTENSTEIN, that old hatching ground for new stamps, has presented another brood to a somewhat satiated world.

As stamps go, the new lot have much to commend them—facially. The designs are supercharged with outdoor activity; the colours are well chosen and the printing clear.

But the trouble with Liechtenstein's stamps is this: New issues are so frequent that few ever achieve any financial value. They are rather like picture postcards — picturesque — and little more.

With the government of this princely State, sandwiched between Switzerland and Austria, the main consideration appears to be only quantity.

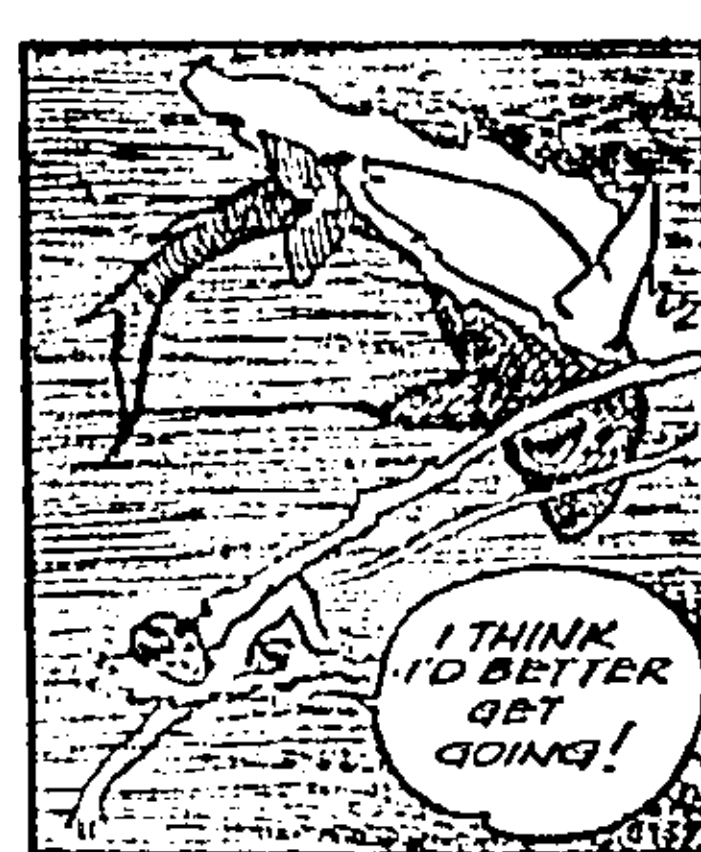
And Liechtenstein's new series? They are perforated 11½ and a part set of four (mountain, lake and sailing) costs 4/10. In London—L. A. A.

DANGEROUS INHABITANTS OF THE SEA

THE shark is probably the most frequently thought of fish when one thinks of dangerous ones, but it is not the only man-eater of the water.

There are sharks of all sizes, up to 50 feet in length, but the largest aren't the most dangerous. The man-eater is usually only 10 to 12 feet long. Sharks differ from other fish in that they have hide-like skins instead of scales. They have extremely strong jaws, and sharp, cruel teeth.

The whip ray is another deep-sea swimmer's hazard.



It has a broad, flat body and a long, slender tail, which resembles a whip.

This tail contains a barbed spine which is connected with a poison gland, and it is with this weapon that the ray can inflict serious wounds.

The barracuda has long, pointed jaws with a great number of very sharp teeth. Some varieties are as dangerous as a shark, and besides directly endangering life, they sometimes ruin the livelihood of fishermen, as they will kill huge quantities of small fish, not for food but just because they enjoy killing.

★ ★ ★

One of the most vicious of all sea lives is the South American piranha, not in the ocean. It is the piranha, which is only 12 or 18 inches long. These sea attack in large numbers and they are one of the greatest dangers of the Amazon River. They have been known to tear all the flesh off a small or human being in just a few minutes. There are about 20 different varieties, and they are coloured grey, yellow, or green with spots of red or gold.

And while they aren't especially dangerous to man, one of the most curious sea creatures is the squid. These vary from only inches long to the giant squid, as much as 50 feet in length. The squid has five pairs of arms, a beak-like mouth, and large, unswimming eyes, which all add up to such an odd-looking whole that even if the squid doesn't actually attack a man, it's quite possible he could frighten him to death!

—By Helen Seymour

Stunts To Do With A Piece Of String

IF you have a piece of string, you can perform a number of amusing tricks with it, using simple props like a pair of shears.

Here's one. Slip the string through one of the handles. Fasten it down with a good strong knot, making sure that it is some distance up from the shears. Then ask an assistant to hold the ends.

Now, while the scissors dangle in mid-air, announce that you can remove them from the string without untying the knot. This is easily accomplished by inserting your fingers in the handles, lifting them, and using the thrusty-manipulated blades in order to slip the string—and free the shears.

You will need a cup in order to perform another equally little trick of the same type.

Slip the string through its handle, and allow the cup to swing gently. Now remark, "I am going to cut this string in half—yet the cup will stay suspended as it is now." Allow a minute or so to elapse in order to build up a little suspense, while your spectators start guessing at just how you can do this.

This is really very easy. Give the end of the string to an on-looker to hold. Then grasp it in the centre, and tie a big loop in it, making sure that the knot that holds it is extremely tight.

Lastly, cut the string in the middle of the loop. Result: The cup is still supported by the string (with the help of the knot), and yet the string itself has certainly been severed.

A third trick requires two props, an ice cube and a glass of water.

Float the first in the second, then challenge your audience to pick up the piece of ice with the string. Yes, it may be knotted as much as desired. This won't help in the least, because the trick can't be done by anyone at all—excepting you.

Wet one end of the string, then let it rest carefully on the bobbing lump of ice. Wait a few seconds, then sprinkle some grains of salt on its surface. This will cause the cube to melt quickly, and then refreeze. The string will immediately become imbedded in it, permitting you to draw the ice cube out of the glass when you lift the string's free end very gently.

—By Bess Ritter



The Magic Harmonica

—It Was Big Enough for Everyone to Play—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF, the shadow, had gone to the store to buy a harmonica but when he got there, he found no more harmonicas to sell. So Knarf walked out again, feeling none too happy. He did want a harmonica.

Down The Steps

He had just reached home again when he was surprised to see Mr. Merlin, the Magician, coming down the steps.

"You look sad," said Mr. Merlin to Knarf.

Mr. Merlin sounded very cheerful, however.

"I tried to buy a harmonica," explained Knarf, "but there were no more harmonicas to sell. So Knarf walked out again, feeling none too happy. He did want a harmonica."

Mr. Merlin's happy expression suddenly faded. "They're gone!" he exclaimed. "I must have just them! No, here's just one!"

Not Very Big

Mr. Merlin took out a harmonica and held it in the palm of his hand. It was about as big as a matchstick. "It's not a very big one," he said.

"No," said Knarf. "But maybe it'll do," said Mr. Merlin. "Here, try it!"

Knarf took it and tried it. He blew on it. It almost slipped out of his fingers. But, to his surprise, it played "Yankee Doodle" sharp and clear.

"Lovely," said Mr. Merlin. "I like it too," said Knarf.

Hand's Wish

Just then Hand came along. "Oh," she said when she saw the little harmonica. "I wish I had one, too, Mr. Merlin."

"It's the only one I've got," said Mr. Merlin. "But maybe I can stretch this one a little so



"It's not a very big one," Mr. Merlin exclaimed.

You can blow it at the same time as Knarf."

I don't know just how Mr. Merlin managed it, but he gave the little harmonica a yank....

and there it was, big enough for both Knarf and Hand to blow on it at the same time. They both played "Yankee Doodle" together.

"That kind of music makes me feel like marching," said Mr. Merlin.

"I wish," said Knarf, "that this harmonica was big enough so that you could play it, too. Then all three of us could play and march at the same time."

"That's easy," said Mr. Merlin. "Just stretch it a little."

It Was Magic

This time, Knarf gave the harmonica a yank. As if by magic (and I guess it was magic), the harmonica stretched itself out until it was big enough for Knarf, Hand and Mr. Merlin.

Then they all went marching down the street, all playing "Yankee Doodle" together.

At the corner they met the Postman. So they stretched the harmonica to make room for him. And he marched and played, too.

Then they met the Postman, the Conductor, the Plumber, the Shoeshine Boy, the Banker, the Baker and a lady who made dresses.

Knarf and Hand kept stretching the harmonica bigger and bigger. No one in the whole neighbourhood had seen anything like the sight of this whole crowd of people, all marching together and all playing "Yankee Doodle" on one harmonica.

It was a curious thing that when they all marched home again and out by each the Policeman, the Fireman and the others had to leave the harmonica grow smaller and smaller until finally, when Knarf and Hand and Mr. Merlin reached home, the harmonica was no bigger than a matchstick again.

"It's a wonderful little harmonica!" said Knarf. But Mr. Merlin just smiled and put it back in his pocket.

Reaching the cliff at last Rupert sees a deep fold in the rocks and he runs to it, but he is disappointed. "This is not the place," he calls. "I ought to have known better. For our cliff has a hollow just near the entrance."

Returning, he finds that his companion has disappeared and is staring at a patch of soil. "You have led right, little bear," says the cat. "Fresh foot marks are here. I doubt not that our enemy has passed this way."

ALL ANIMALS ARE

Rupert and the Gold Acorn—22



Reaching the cliff at last Rupert sees a deep fold in the rocks and he runs to it, but he is disappointed. "This is not the place," he calls. "I ought to have known better. For our cliff has a hollow just near the entrance."

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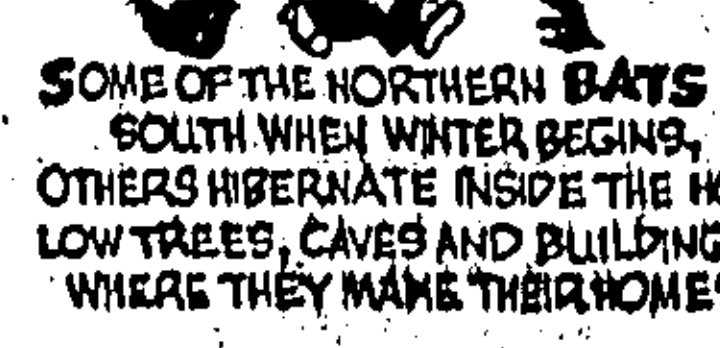
ALL ANIMALS ARE

400,000 WHO

THE GREAT-CRESTED GREBE (EUROPEAN) HAS NO FUNCTIONAL TAIL. SO ITS FEET ACT AS A "TAIL."



THE EAGLE PREYS ON THE OSPREY BY MAKING IT DROP THE FISH IT HAS CAUGHT.



SOME OF THE NORTHERN BATS FLY SOUTH WHEN WINTER BEGINS. OTHERS HIBERNATE INSIDE THE HOLLOW TREES, CAVES AND BUILDINGS WHERE THEY MAKE THEIR HOMES.



By VAUGHAN JONES

SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST
HONGKONG & KOWLOON

